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A WOODEN INDIAN'S WIDOW.

Story of a Rash and Remarkable Marriage---An Actress Involved---In Quest of a Lost Fortune.

By MARO ROLFE.
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CHAPTER I.
A WIDOWED BRIDE.

There are men who are worse than wooden Indians in many respects. To become the widow of a wooden Indian is a comparatively easy achievement, and in the instance which gives excuse for this story such a bereavement was far from unprofitable. Still, there are wooden Indians and wooden Indians, and discrimination in their selection is one of the lessons which it is the aim to inculcate in this veracious narrative.

How Anabel Sheldon became a wooden Indian's widow will be told at the very outset. She tarried in a western country village. There are thousands just like it to all practical purposes, and it has been thought best simply to call it Shadeville, and say nothing further about its geographical location, because there are no more rich wooden Indians in Shadeville.

Anabel Sheldon was pretty. If you are a young woman she resembled you; if you are a young man she looked like your sweetheart. Now you can see her in the mirror or in your mind's eye. She had been an actress in so modest a way that not many people knew it. She had been stranded and all of Shadeville knew that. It was only six weeks prior to the beginning of this story that she had been left there by a fugitive manager without money and without friends. Five weeks she consumed in becoming engaged to seven young men, and one week in wondering how she was to get rid of them; for they all loved her madly, and none of them had retired her with a grand passion.

When the situation became known to the seven fiances, most of them were good humored, all tolerant, and if Jim Stone could be kept sober, the raffle by which she proposed to settle her choice was looked forward to as a success. She issued many tickets, and at prices to accommodate rich and poor, and her suitors and their friends bought them all, thus insuring the financial success of the affair.

When the night of the raffle came, the finances were frankly and sincerely friendly, and not even Jim Stone, who had somehow managed to get full of whisky, made the slightest objection when she plead for an even number and proposed to buy and present a few chances to the wooden Indian that did duty before a nearby cigar store. Some super-sensitive young men might have felt affronted at the implication afforded by such an assumption, but none of these was thin-skinned enough for that, and the wooden Indian was cheerfully let into the game and no one complained at his even longer chance for winning.

The wooden Indian was a good representative of his class, tall and of proud pose, one hand on his tomahawk as a menace to bad boys, the other offering wooden cigars to all who passed. He did not get dunk nor neglect his business, and not so much could be said of most of his sex competitors. He had never made love to Miss Sheldon and she thought he showed good sense in that way. His repute was good throughout the village. He won in the raffle and no one but Jim Stone was mad. Even he did not show anger at first, but he got angry by degrees.

He drank hard cider with the rest in ratification of her choice; then sat down in a corner and evolved from his inner consciousness and his bad temper what he believed was a very brilliant scheme. Miss Sheldon had won "the silent sachem of the smoke store," as he called the cigar sign, and now she must prove her good faith toward the other seven by marrying him then and there. The proposition pleased her.

"Anything to make you all happy and all that," she gurgled, "but who will perform the ceremony? And," she added, "who will pay the fee? You could scarcely expect the bride to assume that responsibility."

The seven defeated suitors looked at each other all around and then at the lady and the bridegroom elect, and, realizing the latter's financial weakness, mutually agreed to make up the sum required. There was a brand new justice of the peace present who had never married any couple and was easily induced to go through the ceremony with Miss Sheldon and her unresisting intended just as a matter of experience and to get the waiting fee.

Some one saw to it that the cigar sign responded properly to all interrogatories by a series of the most courtly bows, and Miss Sheldon carried her part bravely and without a blush. The justice faltered about pronouncing them one flesh, but at the end he announced that they were man and wife and the whole company appeared to accept the situation.

A dance followed, and the bride entertained her guests with recitations and specialties. The cigar sign alone seemed not to enjoy the affair at all; but at time were on Jim Stone became more and more cranky and obstreperous. At length he approached the bride and said:

"You've played this farce through and got shut of the rest and I s'pose you're ready to keep your promise and marry me; how is it?"

She laughed at him, derisively.

"Well," he persisted, "do you consider me, or am I out?"

"Out!"

"See here!" and his face grew blacker, "whatever the other fellows may have been willing to put up with, I didn't allow to have any foolish game played on me without shooting any man full of lead that might win you. I'll use this cigar sign just as rough as I meant to use my lucky rival, whoever he might turn out to be."

He emptied his revolver in the unflinching bridegroom. Every one of the six balls struck the mark.

He Emptied his revolver into the bosom of the unflinching bridegroom.

"Mrs. Dummy," he said "you're a widow." Then he departed.

That night the widowed bride disappeared from Shadeville. Her success had enabled her to escape to more congenial environments.

CHAPTER II.

At eight o'clock next morning, from a station many miles and many miles from Shadeville, the wooden Indian's widow wired thus to a certain Harrington Chilworthy, Chicago:

"Will be there by every train. Meet me at Polk street depot."

Mr. Harrington Chilworthy was an actor, but he was just then out of an engagement, and out of money. But the message was prepaid and he could wait to the stage-manager, for he had often waited much farther.

The two greeted each other like very warm friends. They hugged and kissed each other and then went through it all twice more.

"You dear old boy," chattered the widow. "Does me good to see you, and all that. Hope I don't make you seasick."

"Not a bit of it, Anabel; but, by the way, are you still Mrs. Anabel Sheldon, or have you taken a new stage name since we parted?"

"I am Mrs. Dummy," she answered. "Mrs. C. Dummy. I was married last night and am now on my wedding tour."

"To gods! Your wedding tour!" Mr. Harrington Chilworthy looked around apprehensively, as if fearful Mr. Dummy might be right behind them. But he saw no threatening personage and was reassured.

"And where?" he went on, wonderingly, "where is Mr.—Mr. Dummy, did you say?"

"Yes, Mr. Dummy—that's the name. He isn't with me, and all that. You see, he got about a pound of lead shot into his cheek last night, shortly after the wedding, he didn't accompany me, for he is now alive."

Mr. Harrington Chilworthy whistled.

"Why!" he exclaimed, at last. "And you didn't even stop for the funeral!"

"No. I was glad to get away as it was. Oh, no; 'twasn't I that shot him. Don't be alarmed. It was just that nasty, mean old money to come to Chicago with. I could do him no good and I never have any use for him. What was the need of prolonging the agony? Besides, I had promised to marry you. I am here and ready to keep my word and I have money enough to keep us both till we can go out with some company. I don't doubt you're broke."

Harrington Chilworthy whistled again—to him whistling was what talking a speech is to some other men—and said, dubiously:

"Married, widowed and ready to marry again in twenty-four hours!

Great Scott! Aren't you a little swift?"

"Maybe—but don't you want me?"

"Yes—but I came near losing you, according to your story. What if Mr. Dummy—nice name that—hadn't got his chest full of bullets and things? Where would I have come in then?"

"You actually seem jealous," she answered, "what an unreasonable man you are. Now, listen—I have no husband and I have some money. I want to marry you, as we talked, and I don't care whether you've got any money or not—so there. Seven men wanted to marry me, and I didn't want any of them. I married a wooden Indian, and have a little more than two hundred and fifty dollars to show for it after paying my fare to Chicago, and not paying my board at Shadeville."

"Why didn't you bring along the woman Indian?" asked Harrington Chilworthy. "We might have turned him to account in some way."

"I think not," she said, dryly. Then, as they walked down Dearborn street, she told him the whole story. After he had heard it, he said:

"You're all right, Anabel. I don't like to marry you in this way—out of work and cut of cash. Hadn't we better wait awhile?"

"No, well be married tomorrow evening. Will you have dollars to tie up all right?" Here it is. Run along, like a good fellow, and get the license, and at eight at seven—you know where I will be. Not a word said. You'd have to be me if you'd been in funds. We've had trouble together in the past and we'll fight it out together for the rest of the time."

Anabel went to her sister's on the West side and at once informed her that she had come home to get married and intended to be married tomorrow evening. Her sister showed how well she knew her by offering no objection, and the simple preparations for the wedding were soon in progress.

Will, Anabel," she said, later, "I'm glad it's Mr. Chilworthy, for he's a good fellow and has you head over heels. His bad luck has cut you down for much, for actors are half the time in that water-and-gruel row. I'm afraid a policeman and quit the stage."

In the evening Harrington came, but chamber of which was empty. All the preparations were marred, for when he entered me when I assert my innocence."

"Harrington Chilworthy, you're crazy. "your trouble is my trouble, and we must bear it together." She turned and beckoned to

CHAPTER IV.

THE INNING OF THE WOODEN INDIAN.

The police could not find Harrington Chilworthy. Anabel was watched and she knew it. The fact that her brother-in-law was a policeman and an honorable man made her fear to confide in either him or her sister.

She found means to communicate with her husband, who was secreted at the home of a friend on the South side. She some times met him. Donning short dresses, she let her hair fall in a long braids down her back and wearing a Tam O'Shanter cap and other insignia of girlhood, she appeared quite unlike herself and not a day over sixteen. She found that people who knew her did not recognize her in this character, and soon felt altogether safe to go and come as she pleased. She could make the necessary transformation at any time in the dressing rooms of a theater where she found employment, and no suspicion could attach to her entering or leaving this place.

One night she met Chilworthy near the house where he was staying. He had been ill for some days and was growing worse. Despite his condition and his condition worried them not a little. As they were about to part he was seized by vertigo and fell helpless and senseless.

She tried vainly to restore him to consciousness. She dared not call for help and she feared that, directly or indirectly, his presence would expose him to the police.

"My God!" she murmured. "What shall I—what can I do?"

"Let me help you," and an uncouth young man bent over Chilworthy, tore open his collar and drew him gently to a sitting position and said, "I'll soon be on his pins. There, now, I'll help him on."

As he half lifted Chilworthy to his feet, he turned about and faced Anabel and she could not repress a cry as she recognized Jim Stone, the young village tough, who had shot the cheek of her late wounded spouse full of lead.

She stood in the shadow so he might not

"My god, what can I do!"

see her plainly. At the risk of betraying herself by her voice, she said:

"Thank you, and if you'll help him to get in the house I'll walk along ahead and show you the way."

She signaled warningly at Chilworthy as she passed him and then started off, her head turned the two ways. At the door she did not pause, but went inside, leaving Chilworthy to fall himself up the stairs as he can. She waited half an hour to give Jim Stone ample time to get away before she ventured to leave the house.

At the corner she found Stone awaiting her coming. He led her to her home in a drunken way and took her by the arm with assumed familiarity. Just as when, at Shelbyville, he had been one of her seven accepted lovers.

"I know you," he said. "You were a rig like that at our tableaux, you remember, when you got me for the fire company."

She was too much worried to reply. She knew that his nature was such that she must protect Harry.

"I'm awfully glad you happened along," she said, at length. "You helped my brother and me, too."

"Oh, that poor brother, eh? You used to laugh about his studying for a preacher, I should think."

He was referring to one of the numerous romantic fictions with which she had entertained the Shadeville people. "He's a stiff looking chap. I'm glad I gave him a lift for your sake. I've been to town several times trying to look you up, but could not find you till I saw you take the car to come out here tonight. I came, too, but lost sight of you and then came upon you trying to rouse him. I love you just the same as I did. I want you and I'm going to have you. I'll help you get your money then we'll be married. Been to all the theaters and couldn't see you anywhere."

She understood why he had not recognized her. She had been playing an old woman under a different stage name, but what did he mean by "her money."

"Don't you know you're rich, or can be soon?" he asked. "Read that—the paper's five weeks old. The lawyers didn't know who you was till I told 'em, for I remembered your telling me about this same rich old uncle. They seemed surprised when I told 'em, but I said I'd look you up and you'd find you, and I reckon I'm the cutest man in the bunch."

"Where!" exclaimed Anabel, as she read. "Seven hundred thousand dollars left me by my rich and eccentric uncle, Jason Trounce, upon whom my only claim was that we bore the same surname. He died once when he was ill. Can this be true, Jim?"

"True's gospel. You'd better tend to this matter right off."

And she did, but other surprises were waiting for her. She had been right in calling Jason Trounce eccentric. He had lived the closing years of his life, and had died, secluded in an old brick shop. He had made his will five years before, but he had hidden it and it had only recently been found. He had been ready to buy everything and his store was a veritable museum of the commonplace and curiosities of everyday life in a big city. The wealth he left to Anabel was in the form of cash was bidden. "And," added the lawyer, "he concealed a paper designating the hiding place of the money. The head of a cigar sign, a regular wooden Indian that long stood before the door of the old shop and everything else he had was sold, right away after he died, save his funeral expenses and no one can tell where it is. To find the cash we must find the paper and to find the paper we must find that cigar sign—and there you are. If you can do this, Miss Anabel, you are worth nothing rich."

Quite a wooden Indian! Anabel thought of her marriage at Shadeville and smiled. Then she grew serious.

"Was that statue peculiar about this particular Indian?" she asked. "Could it be identified, if found?"

"Yes; the base of the feather ornamentation on the crown of his head was of metal and screwed on and off and the head was hollow. It had been fixed up so by Jason Trounce for his own purposes, I guess, long ago."

And so her hopes were balked. She dared not displease Jim Stone when he knew where Harry was, even though he did not know who Harry was, and so made a promise she had made him, she met him and told him what she knew he said. As she proceeded with her story, Jim's eyes grew larger and larger, their gaze fairly bulged.

"By hecus!" he cried. "It's the wooden Indian you married that's got the brass plate under his feather head on it. I'll go right to Shadeville and bring it back with me."

But he did not do it. The cigar dealer who had owned the figure had died a few weeks before. Creditors had seized his belongings and the cigar sign had been, with other stuff, sent to a Chicago auction house and there sold to some one unknown.

"But," declared Jim Stone, "I'll find it yet and you'll marry me."

Anabel was heartbroken. She had hoped with her husband to be rich and happy. She could not get that now. Stone might easily learn of her marriage to Chilworthy and then he would know that it had been her husband, not her brother, that he had helped to Chilworthy's hiding place. She knew Stone loved her and was jealous and surly and vengeful. She dared not show Jim Stone Harry's safety.

This fascinating and humorous story will be concluded in next week's issue. See our very liberal subscription offer on page thirteen.

CHAPTER III.

A CONVINCING CASE.

In half an hour Policeman McGorrigle was at the station and had Shelton with him.

The meeting between the lovers was pathetic.

"Harry!" she said—that was her short name for Harrington Chilworthy—"you are not a murderer?"

"No, Anabel," he answered, "it is all an awful error."

"I know you are innocent," she replied. "Now, tell me about it."

It did not take him long to do that. A man had been found murdered and he had been arrested on his way to be married, clad in the dead man's clothes and a document of value which had belonged to the dead man had been found in the coat he was wearing. The man's name was Truesdale.

"But how did you get the suit?" she asked.

"You gave me twenty-five dollars. I did not want to tell you so; but it was not enough. I owed several times that amount and did not want to be reminded of them right on our wedding day. I bought bills and had only twelve dollars left. I started for a thrift parlor to get a suit of clothes in this way I met a decently dressed man, who had sick or bad luck would have it, asked me where could get clothes on his person.

"I looked at him in amazement.

"'I have no use for them,' he went on, 'but I do want a little money. Your clothes are not nearly so good as mine, and you are just my size.'

"I noted this was true.

"'Give me a five dollar bill,' he said, 'and I will exchange my clothes and boots you.' It was a real bargain that he was offering and I asked him no questions over what business was it to me why he wanted to sell a new Prince Albert suit at a very low price. I had but to consummate and he wanted my five dollars—a simple matter of supply and demand."

Miss Shelton nodded.

"So did I," she said, eagerly.

"We went into a saloon and into a private room together. We ordered a drink and in five minutes had exchanged suits. And I had paid him the money agreed on. He took a stamped and addressed envelope from his pocket. There was a letter in it, but it was not sealed. He put the five dollar bill in the letter and carefully sealed the envelope.

"'There,' he said, 'I now pay the last debt I owe to man. Nothing now remains for me but to pay the debt of nature.'

"I could not repress a shudder, for I knew he meant to yield up his life.

"'Do not despair,' I said. 'While there is life there is always hope.'

"I know not what terrible trouble impelled him to his doom. He did not explain. He made no answer. He took two nickels from his pocket.

"'There,' he said, sadly, 'that is the end of it all. We will have two beers.'

"We had the beers. He excused himself for a moment politely, and left the little private room and I never saw him again alive.

"But about the charge of murder that the police have against you?" said Anabel. "What of that?"

"I'll tell you all I know about that. This odd acquaintance of mine was found dead on the lake front early on the evening I was in jail. I made an early start for the wedding. On my way I passed a group of police officers and detectives, one of whom knew the dead man's clothes when he saw them on me. My arrest followed. Some one recognized my clothes on the dead man, and here I am, charged with his murder."

"But can't you prove an alibi? Can't you show where you were when the man was killed, or killed himself on the lake front?"

"No; for it is not known when the man was killed. It is supposed that his body was found I was sitting by the lakeside. The only witness of my self I will be time for me to keep my appointment and you, Anabel, soon and this can be proven. You see how helpless I am."

"Harry," she said, "I don't believe it."

"This is about all. The situation has been described to you. The man was dead, and I was found with clothes on him, one

"Harry!" she said, "you must not—"

"Hush, Anabel said, "I know it," he said, earnestly. "Think not of me but of yourself. If you have married me rise to the trouble than you now are?"

"Because I love you," she said, "your trouble is my trouble, and we must bear it together." She turned and beckoned to

Policeman McGorrigle. "Terence," she said, "we are going to be married right here and now. Send for some one to perform the ceremony."

"The captain may object," replied McGorrigle, doubtfully, "and you may have something about this case and want to marry Chilworthy—but, as his wife, you may not be compelled to testify against him."

"But you and my sister can convince him that I have long been aware from town and was not seen by him until I came here with you."

"I will send," said McGorrigle. He had a talk with the captain; then they sent for Mrs. McGorrigle and two other persons who had been at McGorrigle's all day and knew that Anabel had been there and Harrington Chilworthy had been with them all day.

"The marriage was not prevented, though the captain made some objections, and the widow of the wooden Indian at Shadeville became Mrs. Harrington Chilworthy.

At the conclusion of the ceremony she threw her arms round her husband's neck and kissed him many times, and managed to slip into his hand a roll of bills with pocket and whisper softly:

"Don't be extravagant. The case against you is a bad one. You're better away from here than here. I'm going to create a scene and faint away and so on—you know how well I can do it. Watch your opportunity and get out of the house, if you can."

Anabel was not a great actress, but she did some work now that was so clean cut and exciting that it would have done credit to a Bernhardt. It was diverting, too, for while it was in progress no one had eyes for aught but for her.

"My husband!" she cried when she opened her eyes. "Where is he? Where is he?" He was gone.

Two Storms.

BY ELLA MARTIN.

There's a storm on the land and the sea,
And a storm in one human heart;
And great is the storm on the land and sea,
For the heavens seem torn apart.
While rages the elements fierce and wild,
And the lightnings flash and dart;
Peals silence on the storm-tossed main reign
Above the storm in his heart.

And while the lightnings play on the land,
And the thunders crash and roll,
There are naught but smiles on the quivering lips,
While torment reigns in the soul.
And the people talk of the storm on the land,
Of its fury, shudder and thrill;
But the storm, but never guess of the storm
That rages in the heart still.

Tomorrow the sun will shine on the land,
And the sun will shine on the sea,
And fresher will seem the earth for the storm,
And calmer the ocean will be.
But the storm that rages in this soul,
With no tears to water its drift,
And no power to freshen, can only discless
Its power to rob and despoil.
And like a desert of burning sands,
Whereon the stars rarely dance,
'Twill blighted be because of the storm
That has seared forever this heart.

ST. JOHN'S

BY ETTA J. WEBB.

"Let us rest here for a little," said Cameron Wrayve.

They had entered the long, dim gallery, and as he spoke he leaned lightly upon the railing, gazing absently down into the depth of the nave.

It was late afternoon. The November sun was going forth in a glory of golden light. The long, slanting beams came full on the chancel window, bringing out all its rare designs and illuminating the whole space with an almost unearthly beauty. Radiant shafts of mingled rose and gold and violet, streamed across the altar and faded away among the dark woodwork of the pews.

The silence of the place was intense, when suddenly someone began to touch softly the keys of the great organ. Sweetly the notes rose and fell, threading the intricate mazes of a dreamy, wandering prelude, until, hurrying through luminous chromatic passages, they burst into full diapason. The theme was Wagner's, and the hands of the hidden musician were bringing out the idea of the great master with wonderful sympathy and power.

The calm of a great peace lay upon Cameron Wrayve. It seemed to him that all that was worldly or selfish in his nature was being borne away on the tide of music. Here in this fair house of God he stood among the shadows, gazing straight ahead into the light and hearing that lay before him. It came to him that even so he was standing among the shadows of a wasted life, and that now, for the first time in his thirty-seven years, he had emerged so far from them as to behold the possible sweetness of a future used aright.

Time passed. The organ was still, but he did not know it. He had drifted beyond the power of sight and sound, carried away from himself and the things that had hitherto gone to make up his life. He stood alone, face to face with a new, dimly-defined self, trembling, yet ecstatic, as one might stand in the presence of divinity.

"Cameron," said Gilbert Rose, "if you intend standing there all night staring over the railing, I must leave you. The organist has gone home and it is quite time that at least, should follow his example."

The tone of the man in our lives, without the cognizance of our wills, we are removed as far from earthly influences through us more silent medium, perhaps, than a magnetic word or look, that a sudden recall to our old state comes to us with a shock so violent as to cause actual pain.

It was thus with Cameron Wrayve. In an instant the veil of divine inspiration fell from him and he stood forth in his old blackness, yet not without a trace of that mysterious ecstasy upon his face, like one who, having been given one swift glimpse of heaven, finds the gate closed suddenly and himself in the outer gloom.

"I am ready," he said, in an odd, constrained voice.

He walked back to the place where his friend was sitting, then turned regretfully for one last look.

And even as he looked, a small door near the altar swung noiselessly on its hinges and a woman came forth and stood in plain view of both men. Her tall, slender figure was clad in blue, with a box of some rich dark fur about the neck. She carried her gloves and a roll of music. Her face was lifted slightly toward the chancel window, and the mellow light therefrom fell full upon her low, sweet brow and tender eyes. Only a moment she stood thus, apparently lost in thought, then advancing, she lifted a folded paper from the music-desk and glanced listlessly as she had entered.

Neither man spoke. Both were startled, but to Cameron Wrayve the chill sense of despair which swept over him was all the keener for the hope and exultation which had possessed him but a moment before. This, then, was his passion. From the shadows only he might look upon her, standing in the light of peace and sanctity —the woman he had rejected, and with her the best and noblest impulses of his being, with her the rest he had sought so many years in so many lands, and was destined never to find.

They were out in the street, walking rapidly homeward, when Gilbert Rose said:

"It was she, then, whom we heard discoursing Wagner—the rector's wife. I never knew before that any woman could play like that."

He spoke as if several moments had not elapsed since the apparition in the church. He dimly felt that there was more in the occurrence than had revealed itself to the eye.

"And who is the rector?" Cameron Wrayve's voice had regained its steadiness.

"Hugh Hale, some far-off relation of the great Edward, I believe. A man of unusual purity and energy. He is devoting the best years of his life to the cause of humanity, and in his wife he has an enthusiastic coworker."

Two days later Cameron Wrayve stood on the deck of an outgoing steamer, once more to become a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Over all the city lay the dreamy haze of the mellow November day. Here and there the sunlight caught in a spire and made known the situation of some stately house of worship. But more conspicuously than all others gleamed the dome of St. John's, and toward it was directed many a wistful glance.

But not merely as a well-known landmark was it of interest to Cameron Wrayve. He remembered sadly the hours he had spent in the dim gallery and all that had come to him there. He remembered, too, more vividly than all else, what was sending him forth again into exile.

Once, years before, he had amused himself by reverential attentions to an unsuspecting girl, and in return she had loved him as it is given few men to be loved. He had lightly considered the trusting heart, and when a fairer face appeared, had thrown it away with scarcely more than a passing regret. But the fairer face had mocked him in turn, and the misery he had meted out to another turned back upon his own heart. Then it was he died in a passion of jealousy and pique. Among solemn mountain heights, beside blue rivers, crescending burning deserts, he had gradually come to realize all he had lost, and now, like the unselfish giving of a stainless woman's love the price it merited.

One morning, while pausing to rest beside a mountain spring, he had looked down into its placid depths and started to find how changed he had become. That look set him thinking, and a few weeks later he stood in the gallery of St. John's watching the reflected colors of the chancel window as they drifted across the altar, and asking himself if life had not a deeper meaning than any he had hitherto deemed possible.

He knew now that he had looked for the last time on his dear home city and the face of the woman he had learned to love too late. What he going back to the old, restless life of roaming and regret, or would he, putting the past and its influences far away, strive toward something better and purer—the realization of that dream which had its birth amid the solemn hush and beauty of St. John's?

IN TOUCH WITH THE MASSES.

Gladstone's Phenomenal Memory.

Mr. Gladstone, who was well known as a great admirer of Homer's works, had a phenomenal memory, and was able at any moment to recite the whole of his 1861 translation of the first book of the Iliad, consisting of 611 lines. A guest at Hawarden once asked him if he could do the same with the translation of his rival, Lord Derby. For just a peak the volume, which he had not looked at for many years, and handed it to his questioner, and commenced at the line, "Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O muse," and stayed not until he had rolled out, with sonorous voice and flashing eye, the whole of the first book, comprising 527 lines, and this, too, without a single mistake.

The Agent's Triumph.

"Do you carry any life insurance?" inquired the oily-tongued stranger.

"No, sir, I do not," replied the cobberyalive business man shortly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "But of course you are interested in the subject."

"Not in the least," snapped the business man. "You merely waste your time talking to me. I do not believe in insurance of any kind. I think it is something more one best than a gigantic swindle."

"I am glad to hear you say that," returned the other. "For I quite agree with you. Perhaps it would interest you to examine this work entitled, 'Insurance Frauds Exposed.'"

The Instinct of Self-Defense.

Every boy who owns rabbits knows that if a stranger goes into the shed where they are kept they give a resounding thud with their feet upon the floor. This is a warning signal. Wild rabbits strike the ground the same way just before they enter their burrows. An interesting point is that rabbits give this warning stamp with their hind feet, while sheep, deer and antelope use the fore feet. This is because the action of striking was in former times a method of defense or attack, and as rabbits the hind legs are more powerful than the other animals mentioned the fore legs.

"If I get sick, my dear, send me to the hospital."

"What! Among all those pretty nurses! I guess not!"

March
April, May

The months for renewing and healing in the physical world; for new life, new energy, new blood in men and women.

The months when our need of help from medicines is greater than at any other time of year; when Hood's Sarsaparilla will do us the most good because we are all especially susceptible to benefit from this medicine.

The months when Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken by the millions because they have found that it is the medicine which cures.

The months when you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla because it will purify, vitalize and

Enrich Your Blood

and put you in good condition to resist the debilitating effects of changeable, warmer weather. Get a bottle and begin to take it today.

Scrofula—"Three years ago our son, now 11, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for sixteen months. Hood's Sarsaparilla in connection with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it." MRS. MARY J. LAIRD, Ottawa, Kas.

Salt Rheum—"My mother was seriously afflicted with salt rheum and painful running sores. No medicine helped her until Hood's Sarsaparilla was used, which relieved her entirely." EBEN E. MAPLESTONE, 338 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Neuralgia—"I had dreadful neuralgia, miserable for months. Neighbors could tell me to use Hood's Sarsaparilla; it cured me perfectly." MRS. FRED TURNER, Harry, Ill.

Dyspepsia—"I know a positive relief for dyspepsia, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured me. My neuralgia also stopped." W. B. BALDWIN, 164 Oak street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Bad Blood—"When 45, a cancerous eruption appeared under my eye. Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood and the eruption disappeared." JOHN M. KENB, 3319 Wood-st., Chicago, Ill.

Eczema—"My daughter suffered from birth with running eczema sores till she was 14. Physicians did no good, but Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured her and we are grateful." E. W. RICE, Rice Farm, Sudbury, Mass.

Dyspepsia—"For twelve years I was dyspeptic and broken in health, had terrible pains in my back and was unable to work. When I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I recovered my health. I enjoy recommend it." J. B. MANOR, 362 8th-st., Oswego, N. Y.

Erysipelas—"For ten years my face would break and swell and burn with erysipelas. When I had used three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was entirely cured. It later on cured my grip." MRS. SARAH SIEGLER, 18 Cherry st., Newport, R. I.

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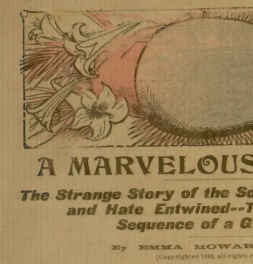

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined--The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Helene on Pontenelle, twins, and Madame Armande de Kercheval created by Madame Beaumont, are on a visit to Paris on their wedding journey. Gaspard, against their fathers' intentions, and Helene, against her mother's wish, start to visit their dying father. They travel a long distance into the forest of Fouchan, and, being robbed of their purses, come to an old castle, the hidden seat of a band of robbers known as the Scarlet Masks. They find that their father is dead of the cholera, and are alone. He commands Gaspard to take his place as chief and to avenge the wrongs done to his father and mother. He tells the children that the true truth he has to tell is that Armande de Kercheval, whose son, Jean, they have been taught to look upon as their cousin, is in reality Helene's twin brother, and not her cousin, as her father, having him carried away by gypsies, had substituted in his own twin sister Pontenelle, but the lady died of a broken heart before she could tell the Scarlet Masks and in time became their chief. Gaspard becomes the chief of the Scarlet Masks. Helene remains to aid him. Pedro de Leon is killed by Armande de Kercheval, now growing old, has returned after several years' absence to Paris with beautiful daughter Marguerite in the suite of the king of Spain. Jean, the king's page, will soon be a knight. Gaspard has learned that Jean is to be married to Marguerite, and has commanded Helene to kill Armande de Kercheval on the day of the marriage. Gaspard, hating the awful task imposed upon him, has given two of the bandits in his wait for Armande, but Gaspard is shot dead. Marguerite and Helene then became chief of the Scarlet Masks and swear to avenge Gaspard's wrongs and her brother's death. Old Marquis Mauer, whose son Jean is to marry Armande de Kercheval, dies, and Jean is heir to the estates. Armande de Kercheval is heir to the title. Jean's young friend, Charles de Mesle, returns and invites Jean to the chateau of the retreat, and dressed in his clothes and with his badge and sword, goes to the chateau, and afterward she calls on the de Kercheval and Marguerite and makes love to Marguerite. Charles de Kercheval is assassinated, and Jean is arrested for Marquis Mauer, as he himself has squandered the son with large sums of money, and it seems were the owner of the estate. Marguerite, who has become Marquis St. Maur, pretends to love Jean, and they are betrothed and are married and Helene takes her bride to her home. Marguerite becomes horrified when she finds she has married the bandit chief. Helene threatens the girl to her father in order that he may suffer shame. Helene plans to elude the vigilance of the cops to Paris as a young heiress and Armande Mauer and attempt to kill Jean de Mauer, knowing that as a man she has learned to abhor. Armande de Kercheval and Helene accompany Pedro de Leon to Paris, and Helene is fascinated with having assassinated Jean de Mauer, she tells Armande de Kercheval and goes. The real Marquis St. Maur falls in love with poor Marguerite and offers himself to her. Armande swears he will kill the bandit chief, not knowing that that person is the woman he is to wed.

CHAPTER XVIII.---(Continued.)

A handsome, stylish carriage was standing in front of the house in the Champs Elysees in which resided Madame Beaumont and her niece, Armande de Kercheval and Helene came out of the house and Armande placed his betrothed in the carriage.

As the carriage drove off Armande felt a tap upon his shoulder. He turned and found Jean standing at his side. The old man's face was pale and his eyes wore a startled look. He had caught a glimpse of Helene's beautiful brilliant face, under the drooping, pale-blue feathers of her hat, and the sight had dazed, bewildered him.

"Monsieur Alexis, who was the young lady who has just driven off?" he asked.

"Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont, my affianced wife," replied Armande de Kercheval, with a smile. "Why on earth did you drop from, Jean? What brings you to Paris? There is nothing wrong with my father or Marguerite?" with sudden anxiety.

"No, Monsieur Armande, there is nothing terrible unless at the chateau," replied Jean, who was recovering from his bewilderment. "I am getting old, my eyes play me tricks," he was thinking. "Or, more likely, it is intuition. Your father has sent me, Monsieur Armande, to deliver to you 20,000 francs."

"Ah, how good my father is," exclaimed Armande de Kercheval. "Tell him, Jean, that I have indeed Mademoiselle Beaumont to marry me within two weeks. He will know how promptly I have acted upon his advice."

And Jean, looking wistfully into the handsome face, with its happy, radiant eyes, wondered to himself if the shadow of remorse would pass by the son of Charles, Count de Kercheval.

Behind the silken curtains in the drawing room stood Madam Beaumont, her face pale, her eyes startled, as she looked down upon old Jean.

"It is Jean, the steward of the Count de Kercheval," she murmured. "How well I remember him after all these years. I wonder if he would recognise me? Mon Dieu! he had become a few moments sooner he would have seen Helene. How handsome is Armande de Kercheval, and so brave, so noble, so chivalrous! Oh! it is cruel! cruel!" and Madam Beaumont wrung her hands despairingly.

In the meanwhile Jean had handed over to Armande de Kercheval the 20,000 francs. His eyes lingered wistfully, affectionately, upon the young man's face. He had always looked upon the Scarlet Hope and happiness had fled from it forever. The shadow of vengeance lay heavily and dark upon the life of Armande de Kercheval.

"Good-by, Jean, when I come again to the chateau I shall bring my bride," said Armande de Kercheval, gaily.

He shook hands with the old man and the two parted.

Jean then returned to his apartments and his valet handed him a card. He gave a slight start as he read the name, "Armande St. Maur," and pencilled beneath: "Hotel Bristol."

"The gentleman told me to say to you, sir, that he would be pleased to see you, and would be very glad if you could find it convenient to call upon him today," said the valet.

"I will do so at once," said Armande de Kercheval.

He started for the Hotel Metropole and, upon sending his card to the Marquis St. Maur, was at once conducted to the latter's apartments. The gentleman greeted him rather earnestly and with much interest, as a quiet, but very cordial greeting too, and Armande de Kercheval thought the Marquis St. Maur was pale and worn, his face had heavily aged.

"I am happy indeed to have a strength the pleasure of meeting you at last, my cousin," said Armande de Kercheval. "I hope that you will be able to stay in Paris and change your decision and remain some little time at least in Paris."

The Marquis St. Maur shook his head with a sad smile.

"I am very kind," he replied, "but I cannot remain in Paris. I am simply passing through Paris on the 26th of April, and may take a trip to America. I am unnerved by the fearfulness which springs from a very sad heart and a life without a purpose," he said, with a deep sigh.

"I understand," said Armande de Kercheval, in a very sympathetic tone, "and I have just returned from a visit to the Chateau de Kercheval, and I know the ideal sister has shocked and distressed me.

"A quiver of pain passed over the face of the Marquis St. Maur.

"Her religion stands between us," he murmured, "and in the face of that I am powerless."

"Yes, and the life of that scoundrel!" cried Armande de Kercheval, with flashing eyes. "Ah, if there were but some way to get rid of him."

"And I fear there is none," said the Marquis St. Maur. "During all the time I was kept prisoner by him I obtained not the faintest clue to the secret of their retreat. When conveyed there my servants and myself were blindfolded, and I never had the slightest suspicion of the villainy that was being perpetrated. I would have gladly endeavored to find out something regarding her, but did not succeed. The only one of the band, a dark-skinned, ugly-built Italian, called Pedro, who appears to be second in command to the chief."

"I had always understood that the chief of the Scarlet Masks was a middle-aged man," said Armande de Kercheval.

"The present chief cannot be more than twenty-one years of age and cannot have held his position very long," said the Marquis St. Maur, "though I should imagine, from the devotion of the bandits and his absolute control over them, he must have spent many years in their midst. He is exceedingly handsome with a dark, brilliant beauty, though rather effeminate in appearance. But doubtless you know all this."

"No," replied Armande de Kercheval. "My father seems to shrink from speaking of him, and the subject is naturally painful to Marguerite. But I did know that he was dark and handsome," he added, suddenly remembering Marguerite's agitation and the cause assigned when he described Helene. "Do you know," he added, eagerly, "that your description of the chief reminds me very forcibly of the young bandit I killed in my encounter with them? He was tall, slenderly and gracefully built, and his hair was black and curly. The portion of his chin, which the scarlet mask left uncovered, was as smooth as a woman's."

A startled look passed over the face of the Marquis St. Maur.

"You have accurately described the chief of the Scarlet Masks," he said. "Are you sure you killed one bandit?"

"Well, yes," replied Armande de Kercheval, with a grim smile. "Unless a man can live with a bullet in his heart. But say he were the chief and I had not killed him, what motive would there be then for this diabolical revenge? But, as I said to my father, the fellow must be a fiend incarnate to avenge his comrade's death in such a manner and under such a fiat. Why, they had ample opportunity to kill or take me prisoner, for I remained a few days at the inn after as I came. But I was in no way molested."

"It is certainly most strange," murmured the Marquis St. Maur, thoughtfully. "What did you think was the object of the attack upon yourself?" he added.

"Why, what object could there have been save that of robbery?" replied Armande de Kercheval. "There were three of them and, had I been taken by surprise---how I have wished since that such had been the case!---I would most certainly have been overpowered. But the young bandit, whom I shot, through my caution, showed himself prematurely and I was thus able to defend myself. My assailant, the fellow, who made a brave fight, was killed and another one of the band wounded. The third, a large, Herculean-built fellow was, like myself, uninjured. From the description of this man I am inclined to think it was he."

"I was under the impression all along that I was the chief person," said the Marquis St. Maur, "though the chief denied the fact. I was led to believe that such was the case. I did not see him again after that night, when I received the slight wound in Marguerite."

Jean pondered so often as to what could have been his object in preventing my coming to the wedding," said Armande de Kercheval, "but I do not have discovered the imposture, for you were entirely unknown to me."

"He had some motive, you may be sure," said the Marquis St. Maur.

"Alas! it is useless for us to bewilder ourselves with conjectures," said Armande de Kercheval, with a sigh. "Let us speak of something else."

The conversation took about an hour later.

Armande de Kercheval had endeavored to induce the Marquis St. Maur to remain in Paris, but the latter, in a most sad manner, gently but firmly refused.

"Do all that you can to lift the darkness from my darling's life," he murmured huskily as he wrung Armande's hand. "Perhaps some day we may meet again under happier circumstances."

And with these words they parted, Armande de Kercheval, with a sigh. "Let us speak of something else."

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said, and, lifting her hands to his lips, he passed from the room.

She stood motionless until she heard the closing of the front door. Then a shudder shook her from head to foot. She threw herself upon the floor, burying her face in her outstretched arms.

"Armande!" she moaned. "Armande, my love!"

About an hour later Madam Beaumont, coming in search of Helene, found her still lying face-downward upon the floor.

"Helene!" she cried, in consternation. "Helene, what does this mean?"

The girl lifted her head and slowly got upon her feet. Madam Beaumont stared at her aghast. All the color was gone from her cheeks and lips, leaving her face haggard and worn.

"Helene, I understand," cried Madam

"My god Armande! what is it?" cried Renaud.

Beaumont. "You love Armande de Kercheval?"

"Yes, I love him with all my soul," answered Helene.

"Then you will not ruin your own life and his," cried Madam Beaumont, eagerly. "Tell him all. He loves you so madly that he will allow nothing to separate him from you. Marry him tomorrow, Helene, and then tell him the truth."

A cold smile passed over Helene's beautiful, pale lips.

"I have asked Armande de Kercheval from me forever," she said. "My father and Gaspard's both are avenged."

At about 11 o'clock the following morning Armande de Kercheval, accompanied by Albert Renaud, a fellow-officer, drove up to the house in the Champs Elysees. They were both in uniform and Armande wore a white rose in the gold braid on his breast.

The servant who opened the door, who stared, wild-eyed and open-mouthed, at Armande de Kercheval as he passed her, followed by Renaud, and entered the drawing room.

As he crossed the threshold Armande de Kercheval paused with an astonished look about him. There was no one present in the room, no preparations such as would follow upon a wedding. The roses, which had laden the air with perfume the night previous, were fading.

The maid had followed the two young men. She paused in the doorway and said, hesitatingly:

"If you please, monsieur, madam and mademoiselle are no longer here; they have gone."

He turned swiftly upon the girl with a look which caused her to shrink back.

"Gone!" he repeated. "What do you mean, girl? Gone where?"

"I cannot tell you that, monsieur, for I do not know," replied the maid. "I only know that madam and mademoiselle left very early this morning, saying that they would not return. Mademoiselle left this letter, monsieur, which I was to deliver to you," and she drew from the pocket of her dainty apron a small, sealed envelope which she held out to Armande.

He seized it and, with trembling fingers, broke the seal.

The letter contained but a few lines, and Armande de Kercheval's brain seemed reeling as he read them.

"When you read this I shall have gone out of your life forever. I never intended to marry you when I accepted you for a time, that is all. I am sure you will make no effort to find me when I tell you that I never wish to look upon your face again.

"HELENE BEAUMONT."

"My God! Armande! what is it?" cried Renaud, frightened at the awful pallor which settled over de Kercheval's face, his very lips turning livid.

Armande handed the letter to Renaud.

"I do not understand," he murmured, in a dull, expressionless voice. "What does it mean, Renaud?"

Renaud read the few lines, while a dark red flush of anger and indignation crossed his brow. Then he raised his eyes and looked pityingly at Armande.

"It means, de Kercheval, that you have been the victim of a heartless, unscrupulous coquette," he replied.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Good-night, dear father."

"Good-night, my dear child," and the Count de Kercheval bent over Marguerite's couch and kissed her pale cheek.

The girl did not appear to gain much strength and spent the greater part of the day on her couch by the open window.

The Count de Kercheval left the room and went down to the library.

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lips quivered for a moment. "It seems that she was simply amusing herself, she never had any intention of marrying me, and, possibly to avoid being annoyed by my reproaches, my despair, she left Paris early this morning. When I went to the house, expecting to find a bride, I found only a curt note to me. She left all Paris in no doubt laughing now at the way in which I have been fooled and deluded, but that matters little. In the face of my despair I am incapable of feeling such a paltry emotion as humiliation. If I could but hate and despise her—but I cannot; I shall love her so long as life lasts within me. The sole memory of her tender words, her passionate caresses, the thought that they will never, for one moment, cease to haunt me."

While he was speaking the Count de Kercheval stood staring at him with wild eyes. His long, waxen fingers clutched strangely at the arms of the chair against which he leaned.

Then suddenly his features became horribly distorted. He reeled and fell forward upon his face, writhing at his feet. The latter uttered a cry of alarm, knelt down beside the prostrate man and lifted his father's head. The eyes of the Count de Kercheval were wide open, staring up into his face with an awful, mute agony.

"Father!" cried Armande. "Father, what is it? Speak!"

There was no answer, only the straining agony in the Count de Kercheval's eyes deepened, while his body lay a dead weight in his son's arms.

Armande laid him gently back upon the floor, and, rising, left the room.

Two of the men servants carried the Count to his room and laid him upon the bed, while another was despatched for the doctor. Then, crossing the hall, Armande watch beside the motionless form on the bed, with its livid face, mute lips and awful eyes.

Once Armande stole out and softly entered his master's room. Marguerite was sleeping, her sweet face pale and wan in the dim light, one arm, from which her night-dress had slipped back, was thrown above her head; such a thin arm, with all its pretty roundness gone. So white was her face, so faint her breathing that she looked as though death had already claimed her.

"It seems that there were a curse upon our house," muttered Armande, as he softly left the room.

The dark, silent hours of the night passed on. Then the gray glimmerings of daylight were in the room as the physician left the bed. He gave one look at the count and then, turning to Armande, motioned for him to follow and moved to some little distance from the bed.

"The count has had a stroke of paralysis," he said. "He is in no immediate danger of death, but he will in all probability never speak again. He can see everything that is said, however, and is perfectly conscious of all that goes on around him."

CHAPTER XX.

"Helene! Helene! do not return to that awful life! I know that I have no influence over you, but I implore you to have pity upon yourself."

They stood face to face in Madam Beaumont's little parlor. Those who had raved over the brilliant beauty of Mademoiselle Beaumont would hardly have recognized in her this pale, stern, white-faced woman whose dark gown fell about her plain and severe as the garb of a nun. Armande de Kercheval would have found it difficult to believe that she was the same woman who, but two nights before, had maddened him with her loveliness, her passionate tenderness.

"I must return," she replied, quietly, but with a firmness against which Madam Beaumont knew so well there was no appeal.

"They accepted me as their chief unquestioningly, without protest, and now that, through the bandits of the Scarlet Masks, I have accomplished the purpose of my life, I belong to them. I shall spend the rest of my life among them and in death I shall rest beside my father and Gaspard."

Madam Beaumont wept.

"My wicked, shadowed life shall never again cross yours in that its sorrow, its peace," continued Helene, with a faint, cold smile. "Forget me; farewell!" and drawing her thick veil over her face, she passed from the room and from the house, while Madam Beaumont sank into a chair and burst into tears.

In the tavern on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau a man, in the dress of a peasant, awaited the coming of the coach from Paris. Upon its arrival a single passenger alighted, a woman thickly veiled. The groom's dark cheek flushed hotly as he stepped forward to meet her.

She spoke a few words to him, and he bowed his hat and led great away, returning in a few minutes with two horses, one of which was a woman's saddle.

The groom helped the woman and man rode away and were quickly swallowed up in the shadows of the forest.

In the great hall the bandits of the Scarlet Masks were assembled. Suddenly the great doors were thrown open and Helene stood upon the threshold. Silence fell upon the men.

She moved forward until she stood in their midst.

"Comrades," she said, "my father and brother are avenged, and I, their child, have returned."

A wild cheer, which caused the vast hall to vibrate, burst from the bandits.

At that sound Hortense leaped from her seat, thrust open the door of her room and passed out upon the gallery. She drew a quick, hissing breath through her closed teeth as her eyes fell upon Helene's pale face and its shadowed eyes.

"So she has returned," muttered Hortense. "I hardly believed that she would, now that her purpose is accomplished. Why has she returned to tempt me to destroy her?"

She moved down the hall until she stood face to face with Helene.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she said, in her low, carefully modulated voice, with a sneer implied lips, "you have returned to us. I bid you welcome!" and she bowed forward and touched Helene's cheek with her lips.

The girl shuddered, though she was far from sus-

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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SAPOLIO

A SOLDIER'S COURTSHIP.

A Tale of Love and Tragedy in the Southwest ---A White Girl's Indian Lover---How Lieutenant Duboise Won.

By WILLIAM T. WHITLOCK.

(Copyrighted 1899.)

SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant DuBoise has spent his life in the service, he was orphaned at an early age. Word is brought to him by a cowboy that a band of Indians, led by Red Cheeks is on their way to Mr. Loffen's ranch. He knows that Mrs. Loffen and her sister, Ellinor, are at home. Red Cheeks has been educated in the east and was to marry Ellinor. He has turned renegade and incites carry-ing Ellinor away against her consent. Capt. Curtis, his company commander, is away. Indians are on the warpath and Chanta, a friendly Chesca, becomes his friend. DuBoise falls in love with Ellinor. Red Cheeks attacks the ranch house at night.

CHAPTER V.

The stars were throbbing like spots of red fire in the steely vault above, as Lieutenant DuBoise took his watch beneath Elinor Curtis' window. For quite a way on every side of the ranch house, the level plain stretched silent and mysterious. Not a blade of grass was stirred, and the suggestive shadows of a prairie night roaming along the horizon, seemed the only things in motion. The intrepid officer drew in long breaths of the refreshing air. His nerves were thrilling with a new sensation. A few hours before his life regarded himself as only a willing soldier, ready to sacrifice his life for the country he served and honored. His comforts on the field of action had rendered his callousness his nature and dulled for a time his passions. But now he moved and reclined his giant strength much as a faithful hound where his master's voice called into that of its master.

But now every thought of his being seemed alive. After years of waiting he had met the woman who moved in his heart as she who stirred him with the great exploits of manhood, who in a few short moments had caused him to think more of her than all things of life. Only the wail of the ranch horses assured them that he was standing there, to prove his devotion by protecting her from the unknown horrors of a night who threatened her well. How would he prove it? With his life, if need be! But the slightest rustle of leaves or of a twig

white lover no carry away squaw to fort. Red Cheeks see to that."

"Do your worst, Red Cheeks. But remember that the commander at the fort will avenge the loss of one of his officers."

"I said Red Cheeks was no fool," said the renegade, growing calm again. "But there are other ways of disposing one's rival besides killing him. And now, as you seem to be in possession here, I suppose I must retire, for the present at least. Good-night, Lieutenant DuBoise, or, rather, good-morning lieutenant." DuBoise could see his white teeth as he smiled and then walked rapidly across the plain.

But a few moments later he turned, and there was a flash and the report of a pistol. A bullet flattened itself against the wall behind DuBoise. Red Cheeks had treacherously tried to kill him.

"You miserable coward," shouted the young officer, springing forward and firing his revolvers in rapid succession. But the Indian broke into a run and was soon out of sight.

"What a fool I am! Why did I not kill him when he stood before me? But no. With my hands stained with the gore that my sneaking devil's blood, I could never ask Elinor—"

"Oh, what's the matter? Are they attacking us?" screamed a voice above him.

"Perhaps I have come to serenade my lady love," he said.

eastern horizon, it was the same old monotonous world, but to these two it was a new universe, a paradise.

How long they remained thus they never knew, but they were startled from each other's embrace at last by the sudden appearance of Chacta beneath them. Before Elinor could draw away from the window, or DuBoise leap to the ground, he had caught the meaning of their attitude. His huge muscular face relaxed into a smile.

"Good," he grunted.

Then his face again grew stolid as he approached the officer and said, in his guttural tones:

"Brave white soldier take squaw away. No safe only at fort," and he stalked on to the stables.

CHAPTER VII.

About 8 o'clock that morning a number of persons on horseback rode away from the Lofton ranch. They were Mrs. Lofton, Elinor, and Lieutenant DuBoise, accompanied by the cowboys who had helped to guard the house during the night, and the three Chinese cooks. Mrs. Lofton had opposed the lieutenant's plan to carry them away to Fort L——, at first; she wished to remain until her husband returned. But she suddenly remembered that Charlie Lofton

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They are right but do they act right?

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Does their blood run through their bowels?

Science has to-day furnished proofs that all the purifying that your blood needs, in fact, all that can be done, must be done by your kidneys.

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Does your blood run through your bowels? What the bowel-cleaner does is to throw out the poisons confined in your bowels ready for absorption into your blood, but the poisons which are already in your blood, causing your present sickness, it leaves there.

There is no other way of purifying your blood except through the kidneys.

That is why bowel-cleaners fail to do their work—they fail to help the kidneys.

When you are sick then, no matter what you think the cause of your disease is, the first thing you should do is to afford aid to your kidneys by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great Kidney Remedy.

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and, looking upward, he beheld Mrs. Lofton's terrified face peering from the now opened window.

"Nothing. No, they are not attacking us," he hastened to reassure her. "Red Cheeks paid us another visit and—and he has gone away again.

"Are you injured, lieutenant?" asked a sweet voice, and Elinor Curtis' face appeared back of that of her sister.

"Not in the least," he answered, blushing up to his eyes.

"Oh, thank God! It is morning again. See, the sky is growing red in the east. The night is past and we are still alive," cried Mrs. Lofton, hysterically. "I am not afraid now. Charlie will be home today, and then everything will be all right. I will go and open the house, Elinor. You must stay and thank the brave, brave lieutenant for saving us." A moment more and she had disappeared from the window, leaving Elinor Curtis alone above the the young officer.

She had thrown a white shawl across her shoulders and, with her long hair falling in heavy waves about her fair face framed by the window casement, the faint morning light making her look wonderful beauty. For a moment Lieutenant DuBoise stood gazing at her, entranced. Then with an impulsive movement he sprang to the ledge of the window and drew her in his arms.

"I love you. I love you!" he cried, passionately. "I did not mean to, I swear, but I had sworn it to myself beyond harm. But I cannot wait. I must know my fate now."

Again her head rested against his breast, and once more he felt the sympathetic beating of her heart.

"Elinor, could you love, could you learn to love a rough man like me, who often for his wheat heart his soul? One who would lay down his whole life to save you or cause you sorrow?"

He waited breathlessly for her answer.

"Yes," she whispered at last. "I loved you when I first saw you sitting on the verands steps last evening."

And there, on that beautiful August morning, with the wide prairie gleaming with a thousand dew-jewels, stretched out before them, amid the liquid carols of flocks of red-winged blackbirds, these two were betrothed. To the sun rising above the intended to return by the way of the fort, and then she was all eagerness to get away. Elinor Curtis, of course, agreed to all proposals the young officer made, relying on him entirely for protection, and the cowboys, never tearfully looking after things about the place, mounted their ponies and rode along as escort in case of danger.

But few of the group gave themselves to thoughts of evil as they rode along in the cool of the morning. They knew Red Cheeks' hand well enough to know that they would not attack a party in open day-light. The stern major at Fort L——, with his gallant officers, had made natives of this kind unpopular with renegade Indians. So the little group on horseback gave themselves up to the pleasure of the long ride.

"The old fort had worries me in that north herd," said Tom Morgan, riding anxiously about him. "Some of the best steers on the range are in that bunch, and I know Lofton wouldn't like to lose 'em."

"Don't worry about the cattle, Tom," said Mrs. Lofton. "Charlie will never take you to task when he learns why you deserted them."

"It'd be too bad if them Indians would take it into their heads to run off the whole pede 'em. There's no telling when we could get 'em together again. I've herded them critters ever since they was calves, and although they are not my own, I'd hate to see 'em scattered over the whole country."

"Perhaps you will find them on our way to the fort," said DuBoise. "If they haven't gone on the rampage again they may have not wandered over to the west range."

"They have been there, I'll bet there. If them Indians ain't drove 'em off," said Tom, uneasily.

"We'll come back and round 'em up when we get the women folks safe to the fort," said one of the other cowboys.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens, the memories of the anxious night before seemed to fade from the minds of the little party as they rode rapidly across the prairie. The cowboys, with their natural rough good nature, soon regained their spirits and fell to giving exhibitions of their horsemanship for the benefit of Elinor, who laughed merrily at the peculiar antics, and heartily applauded their skill. And a little later, half unconsciously, DuBoise and she allowed their horses to lag behind, and rode along side by side in the twilight, conversing in low tones. Gradually the distance between them and the others grew greater.

"You folks had better stay in the crowd. Red Cheeks'll get you if you don't look out," called Tom Morgan, facetiously. At this, Elinor and DuBoise, ashamed of joining the party, but what danger was ever great enough to prevent their lingering? Drawing away together? A short time later they were again out of the crowd at Mrs. Lofton and her escort.

"Do you know, I have a feeling that I am doing wrong in allowing you to persuade me, he said DuBoise, looking toward her affectionately.

"You speak as though I had nothing to say in the matter," she replied archly, with a look that thrilled him to the life I have led."

"I am little concerned about that, dear. I only know that I love you."

"But I can't help feeling that some great calamity is about to befall us," he said, with a lover's moodiness.

"What does it matter if we can share it together?" she replied, softly.

He gazed into her eyes and drew her to him in passionate embrace.

"But see how far behind the others we are," she said, with a blush and a little coquettishness.

"We must ride forward and join them," he said, but without making an effort to quicken their pace.

They rode on for a time in silence.

"What is that rumbling I hear?" asked Elinor, at last.

He halted his horse to listen, but even as he did the sound of hoofs beat on the air, leaving it white and strained.

"My God! It is a buffalo herd! They have stampeded and are coming this way," he cried, in terror.

He grasped her pony's bridle, and struck his spurs into the noble Tajante's flanks, but with little effect. He soon found out that all efforts at flight were useless. They had outridden the cowboys. The rushing, bellowing mass of maddened cattle were bearing down upon them with irresistible force.

DuBoise leaped from his saddle and hastily lifted Elinor to the ground. "There is but one desperate chance," he said, calmly. "Tajante, you must try to save us."

He struck the noble stallion sharply with his whip. The horse seemed to understand, for he bounded straight across the prairie with the speed of an arrow.

The leaders of the stampeding herd, seeing the fleeing horses, swerved from their course to give chase, and the whole mass began to turn slowly as though on a pivot. For a moment it looked as though in the next instant he saw that even this would not save them. The herd was too large to make a sudden turn and the outer edge of the awful circle must pass directly over the spot where they stood.

He took Elinor gently in his arms and drew her away from the trembling pony. This task was the cause of his forebodings. He had brought his love away from the ranch only to meet this horrible death. A few more moments and the cowboys would gather up their mutilated remains, and all would be over. His only consolation was that they would die together. He thanked God that the rest of the party were safely out of danger, and then straining Elinor to his breast, he closed his eyes and waited for the terrible shock.

It seemed to the two standing there that they had endured this for hours—it could have been but a few moments—when they were startled by a cry that seemed almost human. They turned to see a form on a rearing, plunging horse, standing directly on the edge of the herd. Even amid the stifling cloud they recognized the form as that of Chacta. He was only following the cowboy custom of making the stampeding cattle run in a circle, but to DuBoise it meant he was putting forth a desperate effort to save their lives.

Again and again did the little pony dash against the great circling mass of beasts, only as they raced toward the helpless forms. And each time the mass bent in a little to a few feet to the right. They watched him as though fascinated, scarcely drawing breath. At last one grand charge, and the foremost steers were but a few yards away, and then with a shudder of horror, the terrible living avalanche had swept past. A few animals swerved out to the left of DuBoise and his companion, but Elinor's pony eaved them from being run down. And they were saved.

Chacta halted his reeking mustang near them, and turned to the group.

"Good," was the only sound he uttered. But Elinor, after one grateful look in his direction, fell back fainting in DuBoise's arms.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few moments later the rest of the little party came up, and there was a joyful cry of delight at their deliverance. Mrs. Lofton and her self-possession. She was the first to advance to avoid the rush of the herd, but across the long stretch of prairie she caught with horror the awful position of Elinor and the officer. Mrs. Lofton sprang from her horse, and, leading over Elinor, and drawing her back to consciousness. The cowboys had gathered around them. The cattle, while DuBoise grasped his hand with emphatic words of praise and gratitude.

"I tell you it was a close shave," cried Tom Morgan. "No wonder the little girl fainted. She's comin' to, though. Keep quiet, boys."

Elinor had just languidly opened her eyes and smiled up at her lover, when the attention of all was attracted by a new exclamation from Chacta. He stood with one hand pointing to a form standing on a distant knoll some distance away.

"Red Cheeks," he said. "Him steal cattle, make 'em stampede to run over white settler and squaw. But Chacta listen and then ride to save 'em."

An angry howl arose from the lips of the cowboys as the truth of his words flashed over them, and half a dozen pistols flashed in the sunlight. But an instant later they stood like statues watching the scene that followed. The noble stallion Tajante, still raced before the herd, and the ferocious leaders, with glaring eyeballs, galloped savagely in pursuit. Suddenly the horse

(Continued on page fifteen.)

You Can Bet on It.

If you feel that life is hardly
Worth the living of it here—
If a cloud normally bright and clear—
From a sky that is thick as peerish.
And all laughter has fled,
And you reach the dire conclusion
That 'tother you were dead!
And you swear—
Tear your hair—
And each limb from your body you'd like to tear—
Never mind—
Take subtle—
For the trouble is you've gone and got the gout.

Foreclosed the Mortgage.

He was laboriously working away with a pen.

"Lose your typewriter, have you?" asked the caller.

"Yes," he replied, "somebody got a mortgage on her and foreclosed at the most inconvenient time."

"Huh!" exclaimed the caller inquirintly.

"She engaged herself to a young man and he married her," explained the man with the pen.

The Skeleton.

"Algeron, I forgive you!"

"Darling, how generous!" sobbed the contrite husband, altogether overcome.

With deft caress she strove to soothe his emotion.

"Yes, Algeron, I forgive you," she whispered, softly. "And now that there is thus no longer a skeleton in our closet, I have room to hang up two or three more dresses, Algeron, dearest!"

An Appetizer.

"And what do you hear from George, Mrs. Mosser?"

"He's in Manila, you know, and he says he's having such a good time. We used to have a lot of trouble to get George to take exercise before he went. Now he writes that he invariably takes his gun and goes out and kills a man or two every blessed morning before he eats. And it gives him such an appetite."

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Defective Judgment.

"I had to call my son off," sighed a wealthy wholesaler, who believes that young men should strike out for themselves in order to gain experience and confidence.

"Haven't a business head?"

"Possibly, if his judgment can only be straightened out. I discovered in time that he was going to ship a cargo of horse blankets and sealskin sacks to Manila."

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Her Impression.

"Who is Aguinaldo?" asked Maud.

"Why, don't you know?" responded Mamie. "He's a Malay."

"O, yes! How stupid of me. One of those people who come from Malaria."

An Idea.

"I suppose you will be glad to get back home," said the young woman, "and find your constituents waiting for you with open arms."

"That's a good idea," exclaimed the congressman from Crimson Gulch. "In view of several anonymous postal cards, that open arms suggestion is great. I'll telegraph ahead that I won't get off the train if the men on the platform aren't all holding up their hands so as to show their intentions are entirely peaceable."

Ninety per cent. of the people have some kind of humor in the blood, and this causes many ills. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them diseases by expelling the humor.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating and the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

English Version.

The tall man was furious.

"You have been stealing coal from me!" he hissed.

The other man was livid with rage.

"You are an unutterable!" he shouted. "If you were you'd say coals, not coal."

This last insinuation would have crushed anybody not a comparative stranger in the Greater New York.

Beyond Compromise.

"Is there no way of compromising your differences?" asked the lawyer of his suburban client, bent on inaugurating a suit for divorce.

"None at all. Go ahead. Put it on the ground of extreme cruelty. I told her to get me the best spring and summer suit she could find. She ordered a buckskin, a cord of hard wood and an ax. All hope of an amicable adjustment is past."

Miss Cynicus—I see Mrs. Smith got a bicycle and bloomers.
Miss Clare—What did Smith get?
Miss Cynicus—A divorce.

"But he'd probably be the last to get his constituents their share of a river and harbor appropriation if he had to get into the present hunie."

Horrible.

"Yes, it's a sad case," remarked the keeper in the insane asylum as he pointed out a poor devil, with staring eyes and shaking hands; "one of the saddest in the institution, and incurable. Recent, too."

"That so?" inquired the visitor. "What brought it on?"

"Reading the parodies that have been printed on 'The White Man's Burden.'"

Educational Trials.

"Never mind," said the Spanish courtier, comfortingly to the boy king. "You needn't let it happen again."

"But the indignity!"

"Don't think of that. You aren't the only one who has had to be whipped before he would learn a lesson."

Sympathy.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete after they had ridden a short distance in the patrol wagon, "we've got a lot to be thankful for."

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike; "think of all de folks dat'll have to pull 'roun dis nice weather widout any nice warm jails to go to."

May Be Resented.

"I am afraid," said the Berlin citizen, "that the emperor will be angry."

"What has happened?"

"One of my neighbors had the temerity to have a birthday anniversary on the same day as his."

Worth His Trying.

"Do you think there is anything in the saying that fish is a brain food?"

"I don't know. But it won't do you any harm to try the experiment."

Moving.

She has mobile features, mostly;
From what she says we gather
Her mouth is an exception,
Being automobile, rather.

IMMEDIATELY.

He—I am going to kiss you when I go.
She—Leave the house at once!

Woman.

If fate across the world brought to her side
That friend for whom her soul long time had cried,
She'd open her door a crack and say, and
'Just wait, heart's dearest, till I change my
dress.'

Maternal Misunderstanding.

"I see," said Mr. Cheatsaint, "by this paper, that in this present fight Admiral Dewey did splendid execution on the enemy's flank."

"Well," answered his wife, "I'm downright glad to hear it. That young Aguinaldo has needed spankin' this long time."

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Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

CHAPTER II.

LIEF ERICKSON'S EXPEDITION.

I don't know when the flood occurred; I don't care—you shouldn't either; for it will not affect the embalmed beef question in the least, nor will it help me determine what to do with our new island possessions. We will pass it by and tackle the next point.

I do not pretend to know how long it was after the flood that the first white people came to the shores of America. I could make a guess (like other historians) and say it was 1796 years. If I made such a statement you would believe it, of course; then you might go down to the corner grocery and impart this information to some customer. Ignorant man who would inveigle you into an argument, the result of which would be that you would get your face punched.

It is better not to be too definite in regard to matters on which you are not posted. Besides, I am not a liar. I am a historian. Something like three thousand years, more or less, had slid by; may be a great deal more; may be a great deal less; it doesn't matter. The time was sufficient to give the descendants of Bill Steel and Nicotine a chance to scrape the mud off the grass, stone the wild fowl and fish, the forests with game and themselves with three separate and distinct kinds of animal life referred to in "the 400" as grayhacks.

Up in chilly Iceland there dwelt a colony of hardy people who had emigrated from Norway and Sweden. Overpopulation was great on the emigrate. They commenced back in prehistoric times and they are still at it. It is a chronic disease with them. Statistician figure that they have furnished the principal portion of the immigrants for the thousand years last past, and prospects are bright for a few more years. Observant girls and wood-choppers than ever next year.

Dwelling among this colony of natural blondes was a Swede who was considered puffed up because he was richer than the rest. The spirit of his race was strong in his makeup and he yearned to emigrate, but pride kept him from filling third-class as a steerage passenger. He concluded to emigrate as a rich man should, so one day he remarked to a friend:

"Ay tank Ay bettair go sout these vin-tair. Ay bane had ta tam greep affery season. Theese bane gude place een summair, but no gude in fog time. Ay skal tak bull gude sailers vid me an skal find place var ve bane varm."

Accordingly in September Lief Erickson, accompanied by Peter Peterson, Hans Hanson, Ym Yinkenson, and twenty other Swedes left Iceland for the south. Incidentally, it may be remarked, they never returned. And, perhaps, it is well they did not; for had they sailed home in a few months many serious complications would have arisen in Icelandic circles. None of their wives expected them to return, and most of them acted immediately in accordance with this belief. The women should not be blamed for pursuing the course they did. Seven winters in Iceland are long and severe, and typewriters there never did receive as good pay as they should.

One dark stormy night, after a long, tempestuous voyage, suffering with the gulf stream, icebergs, codfish balls with cream sauce and other things that go to make up upon the ocean wave one grand, glorious thing to steer clear of, Lief's vessel was driven upon the beach at Newport, Rhode Island. Had it been daylight so they could have seen where they were going, they would have undoubtedly jumped overboard and swam that land. Fortunately, however, it was late in the fall and none of the ancestral Goulds, Vanderbilts, Astors or other society people were at their summer homes to poke fun at the simple Swedes in their homespun clothes.

The voyagers from the north lay down upon the windswept beach and slept much like men who from dawn till dark had been struggling with a gang plow in somewhat of a large, healthy threshing machine.

The morning sun had not smiled upon their prostrate forms long ere they awoke to learn that they were captives. Each man was garlanded with grapevines until he looked like some drunken slob who had rolled up a Maypole dance.

Lief, apparently, was the first to open his eyes, and as his blue orbs blinked in the

They had their pick of the hairdresses of the tribe.

Aycelan; eet bane too tam cold an wa coom sout. Wa bane blown har by ta vind," he answered.

"You come not, then, as a conquering legion to lay our land in waste, cast our beloved Browning into gaol, burn our dictionaries, break our eyeglasses and devour our pork and beans?"

"Ay not know dam fullars an skal not vant to."

"Then we will hail you as brothers and grasp your hands with the clasp of friendship. The insidious element of distrust and hatred shall be banished from our midst. You shall dwell among us and be joined to our daughters in the bonds of holy wedlock."

Lief viewed the bunch of dusky squaws with a look of alarm. They were barefooted, wore coffee-sacks for dresses and perched upon each classic nose was a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

"Ay tank you bettair keel us Swade fallers now. We can't stand affectsheone."

"Release the prisoners!" shouted the chief, ignoring the remark.

This was done. The Swedes, being fortunate, easily succeeded in marrying the heiresses of the tribe. They built mansions by the sea and started in to spend their wives' wampum as only busted foreigners can.

Their hilarity might have lasted for years, as each heiress had lots of "the ready," but the fools organized a Swede comedy company the next season and started out to "star" Iceland.

This was more than the long-suffering savages could endure. One dismal night, while the wind howled around the open house they arose in righteous wrath and massacred the whole batch of red-cheeked, big-footed emigrants.

Back to Iceland there was a fellow named Biorn Herinfson, who was stuck on Lief's wife, and when Lief left for the south Biorn hugged himself with joy and then went out and got drunk. He thought it was a cinch, and there is where he put the wrong end of the cigar in his mouth. Lief left his wife plenty of money and she was in no hurry to hook up to more trouble; she wanted to get free and easily just to see how it went. She finally told Biorn that she would marry him when she was sure that Lief was shoveling brimstone. He didn't have sense enough to take a little trip over to Labrador and then come back and tell her Lief was dead for sure.

Lief, the fool fitted out an expedition and sailed direct to Newport, and when the Indians saw him and his crew they feared a repetition of the Swede comedy, so you can guess what happened.

Lief's wife might be waiting yet for tidings of her husband and lover only "there were others" then, just the same as now—but that belongs to the next chapter.

Questions for the Student.—Write an essay on the Philippine Islands and tell Uncle Sam what to do with them. Why did Lief and his men leave their wives at home? What excuse would the wives have offered to their husbands had any of them returned? Which would you do or marry a Boston girl or a Swede? Is a Swedish name usually end with "son?"

(To be continued next week.)

How He Won Her.

Dazed—I fear, sir, that your professions of love are but the ravings of insanity. I have been told that you said that you loved the ground I walked on.

Suitor—True, but you have missed the intended effect. I spoke that of the ground because it revealed to me such fascinating impressions of your dainty feet.

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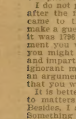

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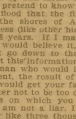

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THE TRUSTS AND THE BANKS.

The extraordinary formation of trusts threatens to disturb the entire industrial and financial system of the country. The bankers of New York and other money centers are combining and are now in consequence already experienced in their business. Henry Clews says:

"The recent unlimited creation of trust organizations is having a contracting effect upon the loaning power of banks. As a rule, these new organizations have been constructed upon a basis which gives them a far larger capital than ever before. They are consequently buying their raw materials for cash. Hence their deposits, and read little or no bank accommodation. The consequence is that people of many millions of paper, formerly made by the original separate companies and firms, is now beginning to disappear from the market. How far this new condition of affairs may prove permanent remains to be seen. For the present, the banks are finding a hiatus in their loans where they are accustomed wanting to see filled. In some cases, the bank managers are considering the expedient of investing their funds in the railroad stocks or other first-class securities, and some have already taken that course.

This is but one of the phases, and perhaps the least alarming. The chief evil exerted by the trusts is their domination of the producers of raw materials, to the consuming public, and to their employes. They intend to buy, sell dear, and thus manipulate the markets of the land. Their avowed purpose is to crush out opposition. They demand that none from the railroads, and usually get them. And more monstrous yet, they are having their corrupting grasp on governments.

The Filipinos, armed with Mausers, and supplied with smokeless powder, have an advantage over American troops, using the Springfield rifle, with black powder "pot-shots" with impunity. The only way to overcome that disadvantage is for the American army to force the fighting, attacking wherever there are any armed Filipinos before them. Valor and discipline are even better than improved modern weapons, but it is not a little humiliating that the slowness of this government to avail itself of improvements in everything pertaining to the art of war should put American soldiers at a disadvantage in contests with savage foes, especially with the semi-civilized Filipinos.

Sir Walter Besant says it is current gossip in London literary circles that Kipling will be elevated to the peerage Jan. 1, 1900. Should Kipling's name be included in the next New Year's list of honors, it would be a suitable amends honorable for the mistake made when Alfred the Little was chosen to succeed Alfred the Great as England's poet laureate.

A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

The Rash Resolve of a Man Who Failed---An Unexpected Tragedy---How a Fortune Came to Him.

By ALFRED B. TOZER.

(Copyright, 1899, by the Author.)

SYNOPSIS.

Elliet Marsh, in his youth a city resident, marries in the country, and attempts to supplant his father, but secondly makes a failure of life. Believing that his wife has lost faith in his ability to make a livelihood, he finally decides to run away from her and his children and go to Texas. In making his escape he falls in with Eugene Raynor, a banker's son, who is hunting on an island. Raynor's father holds a mortgage on Marsh's farm, and Eugene has the paper with him, and proposes calling on Mrs. Marsh next morning. Marsh agrees to meet Raynor at the latter's hotel and secure the deed. Marsh is murdered, and all circumstances naturally point to Raynor as the murderer, knowing that the tragedy has occurred, is making his way toward the city under an assumed name. The body of Raynor is found on the island and suspicion falls on Marsh. He is not conscious that a tragedy has been enacted, but, being in hiding, he reads. Mrs. Marsh receives a telegram addressed to her husband, telling him that his uncle in New York had died leaving him a fortune. The husband, being in hiding and very poor, is tramping toward Boston, while officers of the law are looking for him. There are two tramps, one of whom has shot young Raynor, and in order to escape the law is hurrying to a creek. He stops at a farm house, and, finding that the people of the house are reading a description of Marsh's supposed murderer, the tramp hurries on his way. Sneedley & Co., New York attorneys and solicitors for the estate of Marsh's late uncle, read of the heir's reported crime and begin to investigate. They locate the county in which Marsh lives goes to New York to look up the fugitive and encounters Sneedley & Co.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWS OF THE RUNAWAY.

At last, angry and weary, with his face buried in his manacled hands, Elliet Marsh's soul stood what this arrest meant; understood the peril of the charge on his wrists and the threatening weapon lying within easy reach of the officer's hand.

He was to be dragged back to his old home and confronted with his wife and child. If it was all as the constable said, he would not stand much show there. Without money, with no friends, accused of crime, how could he hope to defend himself? Pressing his head between his hands, he groaned in the presence of the officer.

"Don't make it a reward out for any capture," he said.

The constable scowled.

"Dead or alive?"

"Yes—dead or alive."

"Well," said Deaperately, "I prefer to go back dead, if it's all the same to you. Better for everybody concerned. I know that women and look me in a room alone with a revolver, and I'll save you all further trouble."

"Don't you listen to him a minute, Joseph Renfro," cried Mrs. Renfro. "My husband want any murders committed in my house. He's paying you for bringing this prisoner, using him just horrid, anyway," she added, beginning to look uneasily at Marsh's face, "taking him back to his wife and children in that awful, awful way. Suppose some of his hatred hands a knife to me in that plight? I know I should just die of fright."

"Never you mind me," was the stern reply. "I'm doing my duty. I'm bringing him to do, and I ain't to blame if he went and got into these scrapes. He's got to go back with me."

"You're a brute," sobbed the woman, "and I won't stay here and see the man abused. I just know he never killed anyone."

With this confident assertion the kindhearted woman took up the newspaper her husband had been reading and walked out of the room.

"Now," said the constable, "we're only a mile from the station, and it's one o'clock. The first train south leaves there at half-past nine tonight, so you see we've got a long time to wait. If you want a pipe or a bite, I'm ready to accommodate you, but I don't want any sneaking or underhand work, mind."

"I won't make you any trouble," said Marsh, gazing hopelessly out at the sunshine lying yellow and warm on the ripening wheat across the way. His own wheat would soon be ready to cut, and he wondered what would become of it.

After a time the two men heard a suppressed scream in the kitchen, and Renfro sprang up and opened the connecting door.

"Come here, Joseph," cried Mrs. Renfro. "It's the strangest thing I ever heard of. Just read that."

"That" was the concluding portion of the article describing the murder of Eugene Raynor and the running away of Elliet Marsh. The constable had not read the whole article when Marsh appeared in his doorway, and since that time he had been too busy and too excited. He now took the paper in his hand and glanced through the paragraph, which referred to the very large fortune that had fallen to the man believed to be the guilty party. "But," added the writer, "while all this money lies in the big safe at Sneedley & Co.'s office on Broadway, the owner is a fugitive from justice."

"Just think of that poor man in there being worth half a million of dollars," said the woman, "and he sitting there in that dreadful suit, without a white shirt or a collar."

Renfro seized the paper and hurried into the sitting room.

"If you can now remember that your name's Marsh," he said, "there's some news for you."

"Yes," said Elliet, hopelessly, "my name is Marsh."

Renfro handed him the paper, taking off the handcuffs in order that he might handle it better. But then some of the half million might—

Anyhow, he took off the handcuffs.

The two tramps were still discussing the end, and a flush of hope came upon his pallid face as he reached the last paragraph.

"Is it your uncle that's dead?" asked Renfro, "and do you know the lawyers mentioned there?"

"Yes," was the reply. "It is my uncle that is dead, and I know the lawyers. I wish one of them was here."

"They couldn't get here much before eight o'clock," said Renfro, "but you might write them."

"I have no money The tramps took everything I had except this telltale hat. Well, I will."

"Well," said the constable, "you're in handcuffs, but I help you out, only I must have my money back, for I am a poor man. Tell all the messages you want to, and I'll pay the bill. You will let me know where you are?"

"Yes," said Marsh, with a sad shake of the head. "I presume she thinks I committed the murder, or Raynor's people do. Poor woman!"

"Then you'd better wire her and tell your side of the story. Write your message and I'll send it."

Marsh's fingers securely locked in Sneedley & Co.'s safe were beginning to help the runaway husband and father, though his fingers had touched never a one of them.

Hunter paused the article and sat down to write. At first he thought of sending the message directly to his wife, then he feared he might miss her, so he wired to there and tell her about it. He realized that he would be there anyway, so he directed the message to Silas Lapham. This is the quickest way, and when the boy has got to running in circles there is no help for it.

The message was not very long, but it told the story well, and when Lapham received it he hastened down to the station to see about a train.

The station agent, who was also operator, knew all about it, and, of course, they talked the matter over together.

"You can't get there until eight o'clock tonight," the agent said, "but you can send him money by wire."

The two men went on up to the bank, and very soon Joseph Renfro, waiting impatiently in the telegraph office at Hadley for the answer, received a message from Lapham over saying that one hundred dollars had been paid in at the Windsor office and that the operator at Hadley would pay that sum to Renfro. Lapham promised to meet them eight o'clock with some good news for him, the message said.

The constable took both the telegram and the money back to the expectant prisoner, who, in the meantime, had been left in charge of Mrs. Renfro, that estimable lady having refused positively to allow her husband to threaten the prisoner with the revolver if he attempted to escape.

"I couldn't shoot him, you know," she had argued, "for if a man with the chance of a million dollars coming to him won't run away under those circumstances, how would he ever get his hands on the money to shoot himself with?"

Renfro had fallen in with this line of reasoning, and so Elliet had been left practically unguarded in the charge of the lady officer. When Renfro returned he found Marsh walking back and forth on the grass in the front yard, with Mrs. Renfro sitting by his side, knitting. He handed him the money and threw a roll of bank notes into his lap.

"There," he said, "Mr. Lapham sent a hundred by wire, and he'll be here on the first train. I took out the expenses, and there's what's left. Now, you'd better go to town with me and get fixed up a bit."

"I think so," said the woman. "You look just awfully in that tramp's clothes."

Elliet took the money wonderingly. It had been a long time since he had held such a sum in his hands, and it was difficult for him to realize that it was all his own.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "I guess I'd better go and get some clothes before Lapham gets here. I'm afraid I look like a very bad man in this costume."

So to the village they went, and when Marsh walked back to the farm house for supper he was neatly dressed in a becoming suit. He carried the cast-off clothes in a valise.

"I am going to keep them," he explained, "just as a reminder that it is sometimes inconvenient as well as cowardly to run away."

Then he took from his pocket a handsome gold watch with a chain to match and presented them to the officer's wife.

"For your kindness," he said, "and your sympathy."

Mrs. Renfro protested, but there was the watch, all bought and paid for, and there was nothing to do but to accept it. She had never owned a gold watch before, and it was a great many days before she let it get out of her sight.

"I don't know what good news Mr. Lapham can have for me," said Marsh, after a time, "unless it is that Raynor is getting better, and is now able to tell who shot him."

"That may be it," said the constable, encouragingly, "or it may be that the tramps have been captured," for, of course, Marsh had told him the whole story during the walk to the village.

While they talked Mrs. Marsh was getting ready to go to the station with Lapham to meet her husband when the train came in, and hundreds of others were doing the same thing, for a mighty excitement reigned in the town.

A man who was both a murderer and a millionaire was coming home. The runaway was a hero, and there was a noisy reception, not as a man-killer, but as a millionaire! Or, rather, dollars in Sneedley & Co.'s safe!

And while they talked two tramps crept across the back fields and asked for food at the kitchen door of the constable's residence.

And, of course, Mrs. Renfro fed them to hold them there and hastened out to the men in front with the news.

CHAPTER IX.

A SURGEON IN COMMAND.

"What do they look like?" asked the constable, after his wife had told the story of the two tramps being at the back door.

"They look more like murderers than Mr. Marsh does, I'm sure," was the reply, "and I think you'd better go around there and see about it."

"I've got a prisoner," said Marsh. "I'd go and help you, and, together, we might take them all in the custody, but two prisoners is a little bit strong for one man, especially in this lonely place."

"Never you mind, I've got a prisoner," replied the constable. "These tramps may be the very ones that robbed you."

"Indeed, they may be," said the officer's wife, "and you go, and I'll see if one of them has a suit of clothes of black broadcloth. They're not as you might say, a fit in the worse for wear, and it does not look dirty like the other man's garments."

The two men looked at each other understandingly.

"Never heard of such a coincidence," said the constable. "Now, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, "you go right back to the kitchen and keep on feeding them until we decide on something."

"I don't want to be murdered, I'm sure," said the woman, "not even to give you time to decide on anything, and I'll see to them yourself if you want to. I'm afraid."

"Then you stay with Mrs. Marsh," said Marsh; "at least not until we see who they are. And if one of them is wearing my clothes, I'm certainly master enough to know."

"Perhaps," suggested the constable, "I'd better go to the station and look for help for assistance."

"I'm afraid Marsh, "there won't be time for that. Remember that the men who robbed me are no more who assaulted Raynor and stole his private papers. You know they were left in the cart which one of them left at Windsor, while the other, another capture them, dead or alive, as the reward for the latter is enormous, you know."

Marsh rather enjoyed his new role, for it seemed better to be the hunter than the hunted.

"Well," said the wary official, forced by Marsh's logic, "you go around to the station, 'you go to the right and I'll go to the left, and we'll meet in the middle of the house. When I call to them to throw up their hands you must be sure and shoot them together, for I've got only one pair of darbies. Of course, I'll take the gun, for I'm an officer of the law and I'm used to shoot if I think best."

"Very well," said Mrs. Renfro, "I think there's been enough of this throwing up hands about it. You can expect these two tramps to turn out millionaires, I suppose."

"I presume they look about as much like millionaires as this one did," said Renfro, "Come along, Marsh. You go this way, now, you go into the house, so as to be out of the way of bullets, and I'll see what I can do."

"Now you," said the woman, "but I mean to stay here, where I can run away if I want to. I'd rather meet a bullet than one of you ugly tramps."

"I know of a trampish-looking fellow that you met a great few years and not very long ago," said Renfro, with a smile at Marsh, whose face intended to label the observation as a joke.

"I wasn't a real tramp," replied the woman, "and you know it perfectly well him brutally."

"Come," said Marsh, "while we're standing here talking, the men may be getting away. Let's go home."

He started away as he spoke, and Renfro followed his example, holding his revolver in such a way as to be ready for action, and just as the two men met at the back of the house there came from the front door of the sitting room the sound of a woman's voice raised for assistance.

It was followed by hoarse oaths and the

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noise of feet scuffling over a carpeted floor. "Joseph," came in Mrs. Renfro's voice from the interior, "you and Mr. Marsh come here! They're stealing my preserves!"

When the men reached the sitting room they found the woman with her back braced against a closet door, upon the other side of which a great deal of fierce and profanity were being expended by the imprisoned tramps.

Mrs. Renfro was aided in her efforts to keep the door closed and the tramps on the other side by a large nail which entered the casing in a slanting direction, leaving about a third of its strong length to press against the corner of the door and serve as a barrier. The door had a habit of swinging open, and buttons soon twisted off, so Renfro had rigged up this simple fastening. In time of peace it served the purpose well, and now, in time of war, was the strongest kind of an inducement for those on the inside of the closet to remain there.

"I don't know how many cans the ve broken," said the woman, almo t out of breath from her efforts to strengthen the closet door, "I caught them in there when I came in, and locked them there with the nail. Now, one of you men had better come and stand here, for they mean to break the door down, and I'm afraid I'm going to faint."

Marsh threw himself against the door, which was already trembling beneath the blows of the tramps. In a moment he gave a little involuntary cry of pain, and his face grew white. Then the constable, who had hastened to his assistance, saw a little pool of blood forming on the carpet.

"What is it?" he asked.

"They've cut me in the side through the panel of the door with a knife," was the reply. "I think a couple of bullets would settle that noise in there."

"Let us out, or we'll burn the house," cried a smothered voice from the closet.

"If you start a fire in there," said Renfro, "you'll burn with the house. This is an officer here, and we're going to open the door and let you out one at a time. When you step out you'll be handcuffed and the first one that offers resistance will be shot down. Do you understand?"

"All right," replied the voice, "let us out. We're smothering in here."

"Hurry," said Marsh, "for I don't know how long I'll last. I'll need rich here and put on the handcu s while you threaten them with the revolver. When you're ready, say so, and I'll unfasten the door."

"I'm all ready now," said the constable. "If you see me getting ready to shoot, you stand back."

Marsh drew the nail out of the hole in the casing and opened the closet door about half way. Now, the tramps did not have the idea of being handcuffed and marched off to jail, so when the door swung open they made a rush for freedom, recognizing Marsh as he stood ready to re-nail them.

Renfro, however, brought one of the men to a sudden stop, by hurling nothing the fellow in the face and hurling him over on the carpet. Marsh caught the other by the coat as he passed him, and, seeing that the man who had been shot was likely to be still for some time, he quickly directed his attention to this second tramp. The result being that in remarkably good quick time, counting from the opening of the closet door, both men were bound hand and foot.

"There," said Renfro, wiping the sweat from his face, "that's about the worst scrape we've had since I've been sheriff."

pointing to the tramp who had on the worn breadcloth suit referred to by Mrs. Renfro.

"Yes," said Marsh, "that is my suit and he has my shoes on, too. As sheriff and Master Deputy I will look for the Deputy's affair. I presume you had better send out for assistance and get those above on the train tonight. This fellow," nodding to the wounded man, "does not seem to be able to walk."

"I guess you're right about that," said the constable. "Say," he added, addressing the tramps, "where did you get the legal papers that were found in the coat one of you wore?"

The men swore savagely, but made no reply.

"I think," said Mrs. Renfro, "that you'd better call a surgeon for Mr. Marsh is looking terribly with all that blood on his clothes, and that tramp will need tying up before he can be taken away. It's just spoiled my new rag carpet."

"Well," said the constable, considerately, "the reward will pay for both the carpet and the preserves."

"Oh, you great rewarder!" laughed the wife. "You've got three men under arrest here charged with the same crime. If you keep Mr. Marsh, you ought to let the sheriff go; and if you keep the tramps, you ought to let Mr. Marsh go."

"It is a little mixed," was the reply, "but then, there's no hurry, and I've started in your preserves and cutting Mr. Marsh, so I guess we'll all go down to Winslow together."

"If you can pay the fare of all these," said the wife, "you can pay mine, too, so I'll just get my things on."

CHAPTER X.

THE FATTED CALF.

"Now," said the constable, after things had settled a little, "I've got two wounded men on my hands, and I'm going to the village and get a surgeon and a wagon. We must meet Lapham at the 3 o'clock train, and we must be ready for the sixteen passengers and the mail. The buggy won't begin to carry the load."

"There seems to be left here alone with those tramps," said Mrs. Renfro, "and you needn't think of it. The sheriff is going to stay and burn down the place."

"I'll leave my gun with Mr. Marsh," said the officer, "and he can take care of them, I guess."

"But he's under arrest himself," the woman, "besides being wounded and I think you've got things into a pretty mess."

"I've arrested about every one that's come along today," said the constable, with a grin, "but I guess it will all come out right."

He gave his revolver to Marsh and hastened away. An hour later, escorted by a mob of curious v turned with a surgeon, an offici ge wagon. The visitors were for p itive that they had seen a ll about their places, and with it broke to see the millionaire murderer, who was lying on a couch in the sitting room, with his face emptied with blood and his face looking like the face of a dead man.

The surgeon reported that Marsh's wound, while not serious, would be likely to keep him in bed for a week or two, and that both bones of the tramp's leg had been fairly well pulled.

The wounded men were made Portable as possible in the lumber wagon with Mrs. Renfro and the officer took the remaining tramp to the station on the horse-drawn.

The crowd increased in size very fast as the vehicles approached the village and by the time they had passed down the short street and arrived at the depot the last assemblage the place had stood on the station platform.

It was quite dark when the train pulled into the station and there was a great rush for front place to catch a glimpse of the ver who had undertaken the tas feeding the murderer.

Three men hurried of one got off the train and pushed their way through the crowd to the place where Ma rounded by his fellow pr on the

The three men f Lapham and the shri Lapham had repeated M

When the door swung open they made a rush for freedom.

from Hadley to the lawyers in New York, and the latter members of the firm and the sheriff had at once started for Hadley, wiring Lapham to meet them at the train when it passed Winslow.

"What have you been doing to Marsh?" demanded Lapham, glancing from Marsh's pale face to the jubilant one of the country constable.

"One of these tramps run a knife into him," was the reply. "He was helping me search them," added Renfro, "and I guess you'll find they're the men you want for Raynor affair."

"It strikes me," said Smedley, stepping forward, "that some one might find time to introduce me to Marsh. I've come a long way to meet him and I've heard nothing but Marsh this and Marsh that since I first picked up my newspaper at the breakfast table this morning."

He chuckled kindly as he spoke, and stepped forward to take the extended hand of the runaway.

"You're coming out all right," he said, enthusiastically. "The man who was shot and robbed is coming round, and pretty soon we'll be able to tell who did the shooting."

At this the tramp who was not wounded, who had been huffed to the man who was, muttered for Smedley to come to him. He could not move far himself, for the man had been fastened to the sitting by his back on an old mattress, groaning with pain and cursing everybody in general, out of sight.

"What's that you said about the man who was wounded on the island?" he demanded, as the lawyer stepped up. "Is he going to get well?"

"He will be able to tell the story of the assault before morning," was the reply. "Do you know anything about it?"

He knows all about it," broke in the constable, "for the papers Raynor lost were found in a coat that chap wore, and he's

clothes now."

fierce oath and mobbed sullen ence

"So you've got the papers, have you?" he demanded. "An' the chap's gettin' well? Then I suppose it's all up, but I didn't do the shootin'. This here bloke here is the bloomin' fool at that. I'd rather cut off my right hand than with the vocabulary of the wounded tramp [illegible] of impressed as his [illegible] speaking, and some of the words in the crowd though less to revere ly from the place where he was making his remarks.

"You've pinched now," he finally said, to strike it either with his one free hand, "an' you know how well you'll get ever I get out. You'll get your bloomin' face spoiled, that's what you will."

"Well," said the sheriff, stepping into the little circle about the quarrelling tramps, "if he is true, there's no use in hold- what I've the co able's wife though goodness knows Jo wash have been hold much lately. He d his hurt protecting my property and h to keep him by catch these tramps. I think e ought to get a ha [illegible] reward."

"I'm glad I'm not going ho said Marsh "I shouldn't b on the

"Sure on the island at the time naked Smedley.

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A CONVENIENT WHALE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

One very clear and calm day, when th sun was bright and the sea as smooth as oil, the boys became tired of play, and decided to go and talk to the Old Sailor, or rather, let him talk to them. So they walked down to the pier, and found, as usual, sat their friend gazing out to sea. The Old Sailor was [illegible] but as he never told them, they [illegible] out. Away out on the horizon were two three-masted schooners with every stitch of canvas spread to catch the faint upper current of air that hardly gave them steerageway. Off to the southward a little squat lead-colored fruit steamer, with a gaudy red-topped funnel, was rolling lazily along on the last stretch of her voyage from Havana, her lumbering sway resembling the dull and heavy motion of a duck for all the world the motion of a duck waddling. Off in the northeast four short masts and two columns of smoke rose far enough above the blue rim of the sea to let the spectator know that an ocean greyhound was slipping along. Half-way between these and the two schooners, but much nearer to the land, was a curious old-fashioned brig, with a very high poop, a top-gallant forecastle, single topsails, and a bowsprit that stood up in front of her as most like a mast. The Old Sailor turned his head slightly when he heard the footsteps of the boys behind him.

"There she blows!" said the Old Sailor.

"Who?" asked Henry.

"You, in course," replied their friend. "That's what we says when a school of whales wessel when we sees a whale."

"Were you ever a sailor on a whaling ship?"

"S'posin' I was to ax you wot kind o' a wessel were that," said the Old Sailor, pointing at the old-fashioned brig, "wot'd you go for to say?"

"A brig," exclaimed both boys.

"Because she has two masts, both square-rigged."

"Werry good, too, says I. An' s'posin' I was to ax you wot kind o' trade she were in, wot'd you say?"

"I don't know," said Henry.

"That's werry good, too. When you don't know nothin', say so an' stick to it. Mebbe you might learn."

Then the Old Sailor stared out at the sea and laughed a long, silent laugh. "Now, I'm a-goin' for to tell you a secret," he continued, presently. "I don't know, neith er."

He laughed again, and the boys laughed, too.

"But," said the Old Sailor, "she looks like a old whalin' brig rallied the Merry Grampus wot I were ornest first mate on, which the same time I went into some werry high latitudes, an' come putty near not comin' back never no more."

"Tell us about that!" exclaimed both boys, knowing that their quaint friend had another yarn ready for them.

"This 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' for to tell you," began the Old Sailor, watching the brig and shaking his head gravely, "are a werry curious yarn, an' it all happened in the summer o' 1868. The brig Merry Gra pus were commanded by Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass, a werry tall thin man wot did most o' his talkin' through his nose, though I didn't see no need o' that, for his mouth were as big as a mourin' pipe, an' his ears [illegible] too. However, that don't get nothin' to do with the yarn wot I'm a-goin' to tell you. Cap'n Jehosaphat were a immortal fond o' carryin' on sail, an' he nev were so happy as when he had all the stuns'ls on. So it were not so many days afore we was at the entrance to Davis Straits, which is the front door o' the north pole. We had been doin' putty well, an' had a full cargo consistin' mostly o' ile, wot we stowed away below; but now luck fell dead calm. However, that air of werry whale had gone south to spend the summer in warm latitudes, which was contrary to nature.

"To make things wuss an' wuss, it came on to blow from the northard an' westard an' Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass he ups an' he says, says he, 'I'll be blowed if I'm a-goin' to butt agin a gale like a bloomin' Flyin' Dutchman,' says he just like that is him, an' he was mate. 'Werry well, sir,' says I; 'if you don't have to, you got to scud,' says I to him, says I. 'When let her scud,' says he, just like that. So I got the old hooker under a close-reefed main-top's'l an' double-reefed fores'l, an' I let her go, scuddin' afore it. We ran that way for about ten hours, an' then the sea begin to git too high for us to run any more, so the Cap'n he says, says he, that we'd have to heave to, arter all, an' were luck to it if we didn't have to put in port tack. But, bless you! we hadn't much more'n got it down when, blast the wind smacks around to the sou'west an' blows the sea out flatter'n a New England pitpack. Then Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass says he to me, says he, 'We've got to have her to this new wind on the starboard tack, 'cos of we go on the port tack we'll fetch up on Cape Farewell, which the same is a arm an' improper place fur to fetch up on, me knowin', 'cause I bin there. An' says I to him, says I, 'Werry well, sir; I don't want to fetch up on Cape Farewell, nor no other cape, 'cos dry land ain't no place fur the keel o' a ship.' So we heaves her to on the starboard tack, an' there we staid fur three days an' nights. All the time we was makin' about seven p'nts leeway, an' when the gale broke the Cap'n he figured it out that we was not fur to the south'ard an' east'ard o' Cape Discord, which, as you werry well knows, is on the east coast."

"East coast of what?"

[illegible]

"We hadn't much faith, we'd never done the [illegible] Greenland, an' didn't know much about it, neither did nobody else. [illegible] But howsumever, it weren't so werry long before while we was a-lyin' to the sou'west under heavy canvas, the lookout sings out. There she blows, an' there she breaches!

"'Were away?' says I to him, says I.

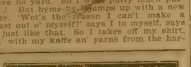
"'Two p'nts off the lee bow!' says he to me, says he.

"Waal, Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass he comes on deck in about two jumps, an' he dere me to take the second boat an' he was goin' to take the fust himself. We lowered away, an' were just a-startin' from the ship side, when the lookout sings out agin, an' we learned that there was another whale up an' blowin' about half a mile away from the fust. The Cap'n started with his boat arter this new one, an' I sees when we begin to bear down on him that he were a werry big an' powerful-looked bull whale, an' I got ready to have a lively scrimmage. I handled the harpoon myself, an' I set it in, as I thought, putty deep. The whale up flukes an' sounds, an' the line run out o' the tub like lightnin' fur a minute or two as I tell you. He didn't go werry deep, howsumever, an' soon he came up, shootin' hair his length out o' the water. Then he started off fur the north pole as hard as he could tear. Ge-whiz! The way we went through the water were a caution to sinners. Then I looked down at the line, an' I was scared to see that it were fray-in' a-way to a break. I grabbed it outside the boat's gunnel. Jest then the whale give a extra jerk on the line, an' I were overboard a-goin' through the water like an express train.

The boys almost held their breath in suspense.

"When I come to the surface," continued the Old Sailor, "I were a-bobbin' up an' down, yards from the boat, still hangin' on to the line, an' both the boats were a-comin' after me as fast as hour. I were such a poor swimmer I knowed I couldn't keep it up for long, an' I knowed the boat could catch me a-goin' at that gait. I made up my mind I'd stay where I were as long as my—f, says I, I won't go under till I've got to," an' I hung away on as long as I could. As long as the whale kept a-goin' I couldn't sink. He kept on that way for about two or three hours—an' I were putty near dead. The boats all on a sudden the whale he stopped an' turned back, the line a-slackin' up. I knowed as I'd go the line. Of course I went down, an' when I come up I were right a-longside o' the whale, wot were lyin' pufflesky still. 'Dead,' I thought, 'even on the surface, an' he's been in enough to bleed him to death. But I were sinkin' agin, an' I hailed now. 'Ahoy!' says I, 'by good luck caught the harpoon line. I hauled myself up to the surface an' then I were afore the whale's dead,' says I to myself, says I, 'an' I'll stand myself on the top of his head an' climb up on his back. Waal, I weren't so werry much above water, but I tried it on. 'Waal, I pussled my brains as to wot to do next, an' considered a bit. I knowed the land were somewhere to the west'ard of me, an' I knowed I were a-drift, but neither, owin' to the distance the whale had towed me forward in. How were I to get there? The wind were now a fair breeze from the east'ard, an' I says to myself, says I, 'If I had a mast an' a sail in this 'ere whale, an' steer him somehow, mebbe I could get ashore.' Wot's more, there were the harpoon an' the line—one spar an' plenty o' rope. Then I says to myself, says I, 'a mast it weren't tall enough, an' I would have no yard. So I says pretty much pursuin' Fol lol hyme-by, stumps up with a new idee. 'Wot's the reason,' I says, 'I can't mast on' myself?' says I to myself, says I, just like that. So I takes off my shirt, an' with my knife an' yarns from the harpoon line I manufactures a mast, an' then I takes off my pants an' makes a sail. Then I takes the harpoon an' sets it in the whale's head, an' I steers him somehow, mebbe I could get ashore. Wot's more, there were the harpoon an' the line—one spar an' plenty o' rope. Then I says to myself, says I, 'a mast it weren't tall enough, an' I would have no yard. So I says pretty much pursuin' Fol lol hyme-by, stumps up with a new idee. 'Wot's the reason,' I says, 'I can't mast on' myself?' says I to myself, says I, just like that. So I takes off my shirt, an' with my knife an' yarns from the har-

"The whale knocked me into the air."



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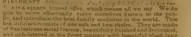

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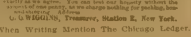

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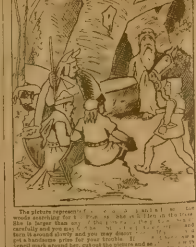

The picture puzzle is [illegible] and we want everybody to [illegible] it. We do not claim it is the most difficult puzzle ever published, but it is larger than any we have ever published before, and if you look carefully and you may find it in a few minutes. Then it is not always easy to find the princess, even when you have found her, for she has a handsome gown on, and the [illegible] almost conceal the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

poon line I soon had a werry good sail made. Then I had an awful time a-pullin' the harpoon out o' the whale. Out she came, though, an' not a speck o' blood followed, w'ich struck me all in a heap, till I remembered that he wouldn't bleed arter he were dead. I bent my sail onto the harpoon, an' then I made a parral 'round my neck, by means o' which I slung my yard. I made the sheets fast to my feet, an' I were ready to get under way."

"But how did you steer?" said Henry.

"W'y, I jest rigged lines on to his tail, an' w'en I wanted to steer, pulled his tail for a rudder.

"Waal, I carc'lated I were makin' about two knots an hour," continued the Old Sailor, "an' I were considerable worried about the wind holdin', or whether I'd git ashore afore I starved to death. Howsumever, to make the story short, I sailed all night, and as soon as daylight come I sees land dead ahead, about four miles away. Now I wished I knowed how much water that whale drawed, so's I could tell what kind o' a harbor to make fur. I looked mighty close at the land which I were approachin', but I couldn't see no inlet. But putty soon I did see somethin' wot pleased me a heap more, an' that were an Esquimau a-comin' off in his dak. He'd seed me a-comin', an' wos bound to find out wot kind o' a craft I were. He pulled up about fifty yards away, an' axed me wot I were. I told him as quick as I could, an' says to him, says I, to please take me off.

"Waal, young gen'lem'n, before he could make a stroke, I felt a sudden earthquake under me. The whale give a great big shiver, humped his back, threw up his flukes, sent me a-flyin' into the air, an' disappeared. Luckily fur me, I'd already taken off my harpoon yard, so arter sinkin' putty deep, I came up agin, an' the Esquimau, who had made a good guess, were right there an' grabbed me. He pulled me into his boat, where I sat puffickly dumb fur a few minutes. W'en I looked up the Esquimau were a laffin' at me. 'Putty good joke, I s'pose,' says I, 'but I don't see it.' 'Why,' says he, 'you ort to be satisfied. That whale saved your life.' I says to him, says I, 'That's all werry well, but that whale were dead, an' hadn't no business come to life agin like that.'

"'Dead? Nonsense!' says the Esquimau, paddlin' me toward the land. 'He were asleep.'

"'Asleep?' says I; 'with a hapoon in him?'

"'Yes,' says he to me, says he, laffin' still more; 'you hit him on the funny-bone with it w'en you struck him, an' jest put him to sleep arter the first shock were over. It always does. We Esquimaux often harpoon whales on the funny-bone just fur the fun o' the thing.'"

The Old Sailor looked gravely around the horizon for a moment, and then concluded thus:

"I got home agin all right in the course o' time, or I wouldn't be here; but I ain't never believed that that Esquimau told the truth."

Free Government Lands.

There are still thousands of acres of government lands in the states of Washington and Oregon, also prairie and timber lands near railroad or water communication that can be bought for $5 an acre an upwards. There are no cyclones, blizzards, long winters or real hot summers; no failure of crops. Take your choice. If you wish to raise grain principally or finest stock on earth, you can find locations in these two states where you can do this to perfection. I have no lands for sale, but it you want information where it's best to locate write me at 199 East Third St., St. Paul, Minn. Yours, R. E. WERKMAN.

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AND THE SIGN THAT DID WORK.

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Future Possibility.

In a recent damage case the defendant, a railway corporation, asks a new trial because the fair plaintiff flirted with the jury. If this sort of thing keeps on there will have to be twelve blind men in the jury box.

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Don't Let Carelessness Keep You From Comfort.

Have you ever been disappointed in the flavor of your cup of Postum Food Coffee? If so, you are the person we want to talk to. Flavor and food value cannot be extracted from a food drink of this kind if it is dripped or simmered. A delicious taste and a cup full of nourishment can be had quickly and easily if the Postum be allowed to keep up a clever boiling for fifteen minutes after boiling begins. Remember, to simply leave the pot on the stove fifteen minutes will not answer. Keep up the boil fifteen minutes after active boiling commences.

This is simple, and if your health is worth looking after at all, it is worth having your Postum made good instead of sloppy, for when it is well boiled, you get the strength and body building elements as well as the charming flavor. Insist on having your beverage well made and that cream or boiled milk be served with it. It is just as easy to have Postum well made as to have it made in a slovenly manner.

This talk on the preparation of Postum, is called for from the fact that we have heard lately of several people who cannot drink coffee and tried Postum, but were discouraged, from the fact that it was badly made. When it is served properly, it makes and holds friends for life.

Two Bright Dogs.

A New York newspaper tells of two small black and tan dogs that are of great assistance to a restaurant-keeper who owns them. They are very bright dogs, and have memories that are truly remarkable. Their self-appointed task is to wait in the dining-room until a guest comes in, and if there is no waiter present, one of them will rush out into the kitchen or pantry, or wherever else a disengaged waiter may be, and by means of two sharp, shrill barks, give notice of the customer's arrival. The dogs also see that customers do not leave without settling their accounts, for if the landlord is not present at the time of a customer's departure, they make it their business to find him and inform him that he is needed at the desk.

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If any of our readers will cut this notice out and send to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill., they will send you, free, by mail, postpaid, a handsome catalogue of baby carriages in colors, with lowest Chicago wholesale prices, free examination offer, tell you how to order etc., etc.—Editor.

Chinese Pirates.

Until a few years ago Chinese pirates were in the habit of attacking merchant sailing ships in certain parts of the China seas. They neither asked nor gave quarter, and the unfortunate skipper who saw their junks sneaking down upon his vessel in the faint breeze by aid of their huge lateen-sails, or observed the pirates sweeping their light craft alongside under the influence of long oars, termed sweeps, knew that it was to be a fight to the death, and so would arm and station his crew and encourage them to fight as long as possible. It was well understood that if the blood-thirsty demons succeeded in taking the vessel, such members of the ship's company as fell into their hands alive would be slowly tortured to death.

The pirates were in the habit of using a very peculiar projectile when they came within throwing distance; this was a small earthen jar containing gunpowder, rosin, pitch, and a nasty-smelling compound called assafoetida. When one of these pots struck the vessel's deck or rigging it exploded and set on fire that which it came in contact with, while the odor of the assafoetida was so overpowering that the crew of the merchant vessel often succumbed to an intense nausea and weakness, which rendered them unable to oppose the enemy.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.
Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

The Weight of the Spider's Web.

Here is something you never heard before, and will doubtless find hard to believe when you do hear it, althoug it is true. The spider's web is so light that if you were to take a pound of it and unravel it, it would be long enough to reach all the way round the world, with a sufficient quantity left to reach from New York to San Francisco.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

William and the Peddler.

William was about six years old when his father and mother took him to spend the summer down by the ocean. At first he was very much pleased with the sea and the beautiful sandy beach, upon which he would play by the hour, and never get at all tired. After a few weeks, however, William began to find it more pleasing to romp on the hotel piazzas, where there were always plenty of queer things to be seen, the queerest being the peddlers, Turks and Indians chiefly, who tried to sell their wares to the people in the hotels.

One peddler in particular William liked to watch, because he had a very curious lot of napkin-rings for sale. William was always fond of napkin rings, probably because he used to play with them when first, as a baby, he came to the dinner table with his father and mother. These napkin-rings that the peddler had were not at all like William's, which was of silver, and had been given to him by his uncle on his last birthday. They were fluted and made of birch bark, and William thought them altogether lovely.

"I'm going to buy one of these," he said to his father.

"Indeed?" his father answered. "For me?"

"No," said William; "for me. I'll let you have my silver one if you'll give me the money to buy the birch-bark one."

"Done!" said his father. "I've wished all along I owned that silver napkin-ring."

So William's father gave him twenty-five cents to buy the birch-bark ring, and William started bravely off. In a minute he was at the peddler's side.

"How much are those napkin-rings?" he asked.

"Fifteen cents for one, twenty-five for two," replied the peddler.

William looked very thoughtful. "Fifteen for this one?" he said, picking up one of the rings.

"Yes," replied the peddler.

"And if I take the other it'll only be ten cents?" asked William.

"Yes," said the peddler.

William again became thoughtful, after which he laid down the first ring he had taken in his hand, and said:

"Very well. Here's your ten cents. I'll take the other."

A Tale From the West.

The story of Jack and the bean-stalk, wonderful as it was, has at last been beaten for marvelousness. A bright young man on the Washington Post, who has recently returned from Iowa, states that he encountered a farmer one day standing at the foot of an enormous corn-stalk. After saluting the tiller of the soil, the visitor asked:

"How big is your corn?"

"I don't know," answered the farmer. "I sent one of my boys to see a little while ago, and I'm worried to death about him."

"How so? Can't he get back?"

"That's the trouble," sighed the farmer. "The corn-stalk is growin' up faster than he can climb down."

Verily these United States form a country that is wonderful in its resources.

In the Coils of a Python.

Not many persons have been hugged by an angry and hungry python fourteen feet long and have escaped. One man had that experience recently, and he probably would not now be alive had assistance not arrived just in time. He is Superintendent Stephens of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, and he was engaged in taking all the snakes out of a cage and putting them into a box in order to make some changes in the cage. There were several boa-constrictors and one big python, and all were active, as they had not been fed for some time, which with a big snake means for a week or two.

Mr. Stephens had succeeded in putting all the snakes into the box except the python, which, when his back was turned, made a rush at him. He saw it coming, and as he could not escape, he seized the great serpent by the neck with his right hand, and with his left clutched its body about a foot behind the head where the muscles are strongest. The snake instantly coiled about Mr. Stephen's legs and a contest of strength and endurance began.

Finally Mr. Stephens was obliged to loosen his grip upon the serpent's neck. Instantly the great mouth seized his hand and swallowed it to the wrist, closing its jaws as it did so, and breaking a fang in the man's flesh. The pain roused him, and he clutched the snake's throat until it gasped for breath, when he drew out his imprisoned hand. At that point attendants rushed into the cage and beat the python until it recoiled, and Mr. Stephens was released. Fortunately the bite of a python is not poisonous.

An Alibi.

"Well, thank heaven!" exclaimed the Spanish cabinet officer, "they can't spring an embalmed beef inquiry on me. We never had any beef at any stage of the game."

Next in Order.

"Miss Mary, are you sorry that your sister Evelyn is married?"

"No; it advances me one number."

$4.95 buys a Man's All Wool Suit

of Rich Blue Serge, warranted Best Fast Color, Guaranteed equal in quality, style and looks to others' best $10 Suits.

THE MATERIAL is Moll's Best All-wool Serge, famous everywhere for its perfect weave, soft feel and rich deep blue color. The cloth was woven by America's best woolen mill, from fine picked wool yarn, dyed by a new process and cannot fade. It is medium weight and suitable for year around wear; is firmly woven, will positively not fade or wear shiny, and will wear like leather. It's exactly the same cloth used in the serge suits that retail everywhere for $10.00. Remember we will sell only 1800 suits at $4.95—after they're gone the price will be $9.00. Don't delay, but order today before they are all gone.

EXPERT SUIT TAILORS will make the suit in the latest sack style to fit perfect; line it with Holman's celebrated farmer satin, pipe it with Skinner's AAA satin, pad it extra well, use best grade of canvas, and sew every seam with pure silk and linen thread.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with your height, weight, chest, waist and crotch measure. We'll send the suit by express C.O.D. and allow you to examine and try it on before you pay one cent. If found exactly as represented, the greatest bargain on earth and worth double our price, then pay exp. agent $4.95 and expressage and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory.

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Sold the Book.

"I called at your house today, Mr. Smith," began the book agent, "to show your wife a very interesting book which I am selling."

"You did, eh? You infernal scoundrel! Well, I suppose you foisted her into buying one, and now you expect me to pay for it, but I'm not going to do anything of the kind. It's about time this nuisance was stopped. You fellows go around and sell worthless books to the women folks who don't know any better, and then make us dig up for them. I'm tired of it. You just go back to the house and tell my wife to give you your book, and don't ever try that game on me again."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the agent, calmly. "Your wife refused to buy the book. She said it was not fit to read, and she would not have it in the house."

"She did, did she? Here, give me a copy quick! How much is it?"

To Prevent Chapped Hands.

Chapped hands are the result of carelessness, as a rule. If one, after bathing his hands, will dry them thoroughly before going out in the cold air he will never have his hands to chap. After the mischief is done, however, no preparation will prove any better in correcting the evil than cold cream, which can be bought at any drug store.

PERSONAL—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply. Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.

Dogs That Never Bark.

There are three varieties of the dog that never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion-headed" dog of Thibet.

His Doctrine.

Hoax—Sky, old chap, do you believe in making your wife live within her allowance?

Joax—No, nor not when she can manage to live without it.

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

To Qualify for Office.

Will it be necessary to send our future commissary officers to a school of embalming?

Discovered by a Woman.
I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure the piles from any cause, no matter how long standing. Irregular periods, weakness, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, and all female troubles will find a cure in the remedy he very suffered. Address
MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 19, Kokomo, Ind.

A Fijian "Chappie."

Few Fijians have learned to speak English. A well known traveler, while on the king's fete of Ban, happened in an emergency to want a shilling. He turned to a very superior looking Fijian, dressed, or rather undressed, like an ordinary native, and on the off-chance said in English, "Have you got a shilling about you?" With a drawl that one would expect from a Johnny in the Gaiety bar, the native replied, "Upon my soul, dear boy, I haven't got even a blooming copper!" He was the king's son, and had been sent to Sydney to be educated.

"George Washington," remarked the strictly practical personage, "was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen and all that sort of thing."

"Yes."

THE LAW AND THE LADY!

The Value of Advice Depends Upon the Qualifications of the Adviser.

THE woman who went to her grocer for legal advice, lost her case. The value of advice depends upon the qualifications of the adviser. Medical advice from one who is not a doctor is as worthless as legal advice from one who is not a lawyer—and it is far more dangerous.

ADVICE TO WOMEN, the skilled advice of a qualified physician—is offered *free* by Dr. R. V. Pierce. It is valuable advice because it is the advice of a competent physician. It is advice of extraordinary value, because it is the advice of an extraordinary physician, a specialist, one who has given more than thirty years to the treatment and cure of woman's diseases. Any doctor can give you medical advice. The benefit of his advice depends on his experience in treating the particular disease from which you suffer.

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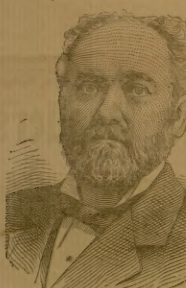

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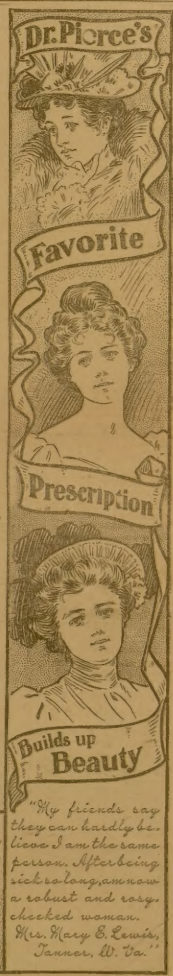
The Woman Who Was and the Woman Who Is.

Mrs. M. F. Long, of LeLoup, Franklin County, Kans., writes: "Words cannot express how grateful I am for your kind advice and good medicines. I have been in poor health more or less all my life. In the past nine years grew worse, and two years ago was so poorly could hardly drag around. I consulted a Specialist, and he said I had ulceration, and that an operation would have to be performed. At last I wrote to Dr. Pierce, asking advice. I soon got a helpful answer, advising me to try his medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and also his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I bought two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' two of the 'Discovery,' and two vials of the 'Pellets,' and I began taking 'Favorite Prescription' and the other medicines, as advised. When commencing I weighed 103½ pounds, and after taking one bottle of each I was like a new woman. In one month I gained eight pounds. After taking two bottles of each of the medicines named, I began to look like a woman and not like a wasted skeleton. That weary, tired feeling all left me, and it did seem as though life was worth living, and that I had been snatched from the grave, and would live to a good old age."

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well!

IT IS UNLIKE MANY MEDICINES OFFERED FOR THE USE OF WOMEN, IN THAT IT CONTAINS NO ALCOHOL, WHISKY, OR OTHER INTOXICANT, AND IS ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM OPIUM, COCAINE, OR OTHER NARCOTICS.



"My friends say they can hardly believe I am the same person. After being sick so long, am now a robust and rosy-cheeked woman."
Mrs. Mary E. Lewis,
Tanner, W. Va.

A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

(Continued from page eleven.)

of it if the folks at home should find out that I gave that name."

And the constable promised.

Mrs. Renfro helped Marsh into a sent and sat down by his side.

"Now, who go wandering about the country alone are always getting into trouble," she said, "and I think you've had your share of it. You've been arrested for murder and handcuffed, and robbed and subbed, and mercy only knows what all, since you started, and now I'm going to take you home to your wife."

And Marsh remained silent, though he was doing a good deal of thinking along the line mentioned by the kind-hearted woman.

At last the train drew into the Winslow station, where was Mrs. Marsh and the child, all dressed in their best, and all eager to get into the runaway's arms. And there was Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, and the president of the village, and the cashier of the bank, and all the men and women in the town worth knowing, all eager to take the hand of the man who had been accused of murder in the morning, but who had had the good luck to come into a fortune in the afternoon.

If I ever again get down-hearted and ready to give up," thought Marsh, as he stood, faint and weak, but very happy, shaking hands with all who came to him, "I'll just run away again, for this is a sight to warm one's heart."

It was soon generally known that Marsh was no longer under arrest, having been cleared by the confession of the tramp, and then the boys made such a bonfire as the village had not seen for many a year, and got the band out, and there was great rejoicing for the dollars in Smedley & Co.'s safe were pleasant things to think of!

Of course Mr. Renfro was to the Marsh home to remain over night, and of course Mr. Smedley went with them to spend the evening. A full crew of the Investments Marsh outfit to make, and of course the Babcocks had to stop on the way home, and it was long after midnight before the windows through which Mrs. Marsh had watched so anxiously the night before grew dark.

During the evening Mrs. Babcock was thanked over and over again by Mrs. Marsh for not telling the truth that that Sunday night when she was so anxious about her husband.

"It would have been an awful thing to do so," said Mrs. Babcock, "for then Mr. Marsh got home just as soon as he could, and I don't know what I should have done if he hadn't been at home when the tramps got into my preserves."

And Mrs. Babcock bounce in the room he had tried to desert just a few hours before, heard the women laughing, and said not a word. He was thinking of the attempt he had made to reverse what is happy time out of his life, by making it appear that he had come to his death in the lake. And he was sincere, deep down in his regenerated heart, that his wife should never know the truth, and she never did.

Happiness is a sure cure for bodily as well as mental ills, and Fido was not sick long, but was in court when the tramps were given long terms in the state prison. And Raynor was there, too, looking pale, but quite well again, and the tramps cursed him in good set terms for getting well as they were marched off to prison.

Mr. Renfro remained a week, and made a splendid place of their home—the best for miles around—and Ellen bought the gallop in the lake and built a summer cottage on the spot where he had first thought seeing and talked with Mr. Eugene Raynor, and where his hat had been thrown to point the way to the hat of his treasuring place.

And the Raynors visit there often, and go back to the city and report to their dear five hundred friends that there is no happier family on earth than that the Marsh's, which is true.

The tramps were remembered, and so were all who helped the wealthy man in his days of poverty and trouble.

And Mrs. Marsh thinks to this day that Ellen wandered away that day because of the charge of murder, and not because he had a morbid notion in his foolish head that he had outgrown his home. Which is as it should be.

(The end.)

A SOLDIER'S COURTSHIP.

(Continued from page seven.)

changed his course and ran straight toward Red Cheeks!

The Indian renegade stood watching the group in the prairie. He seemed unable to see them standing there unharmed. He had seen the bullets fly, he seemed to be the very spot on which they stood, and he could not believe his eyes. Then, going across the plain at him as though only impelled by the momentum, he gave a step forward to hurl at them a yell of defiance, but in so doing his eyes fell on the advancing line of troops, and he was as though paralyzed, and then turned and ran as only a man running for his dear life can.

On raced the black stallion; nearer and nearer, until he reached the side of his victim.

"My God! Can nothing be done?" shouted DuBoise, breaking away from the group and running with futile speed in the wake of the flying animals, as he saw at last that the steers had caught sight of the Indian, and that Red Cheeks had thrown up the horse to him, thus allowing Tajante to gain a few seconds' start.

A moment later an agonizing shriek rent the air. The form of Red Cheeks was seen to sink down in the grass, and then to rise, the foremost steers. It seemed to poise for a moment in the air, and then fall forward into the sea of infuriated animals. Then the steers, finding nothing to gore among them, a few turned to gore the black stallion, and then the whole herd, with the following animals, and the herd went spouting on its resistless flight across the plain in the direction of Texas.

DuBoise pressed his hands to his eyes and then dropped them to his knees. Miss Loften had sunk to the ground sobbing mistily, and Lieutenant Hamilton stood over the soldier face buried in the grass as though to shut out the horrible sight. Tajante came leading toward them the horse with which from his long rack stretched forward, his eyes glowing with exultant triumph.

A little later they saw the Indians of Red Cheeks' people herd up the loose stock. They gathered about the remains of their leader and then, after burying them in a low grave in the sod. Their wailing cries were borne across the prairie to the watchers, but they seemed unconscious of the presence of the officer and his companions. At last they rode away with the remnants of the reservation.

The sun had neared the zenith when the party from the Loften ranch came within sight of Fort L——. Over by the buildings of the barracks rose above the horizon, the officers' mess house behind the flag staff. He looked toward her tenderly for a moment and then, reaching over, he drew her to his breast, and pressed her head against his shoulder like a tired child. They rode on in silence that I beloveth and pony put their noses together for an instant and then cantered on, they moved along as though they too were lost in dreams, as were the riders.

The end.

A MARVELIOUS WOMAN.

(Continued from page five.)

peeling what a Judas kiss it was, involuntarily drew back.

"Thank you, you are very good," she murmured, coolly, and moved to her room.

An evil, mocking laugh left the lips of Hortense. Then, lifting her eyes, she saw Pedro standing a few feet from her, his eyes fixed intently, suspiciously upon her face. Her cheeks paled, and a woman's tenderness and passion shone in her eyes.

The bandits had returned to their drinking and card-playing and the two were unobserved.

"I thought that you hated Mademoiselle Helene," said Pedro, with rough abruptness, and he stepped nearer and became her with a kiss."

"It is necessary that she should know that I hate her?" asked Hortense. "And then," with a shrug of her shoulders, "I am all powerful here, while I, who have dwelt in your midst all these years, am nothing! Ah, I am tired of it all!" and here her voice," I—I dare not show that I hate her—I do not possess that I welcomed you with a kiss," and she lifted pathetic eyes to his face.

"You are right, it would not be wise for you to show that you hate her, but for—for—" and he paused, "for you have named," said Pedro, grimly. "I would suggest, however, that you who would annoy or attempt to injure the woman I love, and his strong hands clenched while the woman shrank and cowered like a guilty thing under the dark look he bent upon her.

The next moment, however, she recovered herself and looked at him with her accustomed eyes.

"How could I annoy or injure her?" she asked. "It is impossible that he can have any suspicion," she was thinking, while she intently, but furtively, studied his face. "No, or my life would not be worth a moment's purchase. Woman as I am, they would read me through from him. But I must be on my guard, Pedro," she continued, forcing a smile into her face, "Pedro, forget all that I said to you some weeks ago. I talked wildly, but you maddened me with your scorn. You do not care for me and I must try to tear my love for you from my heart."

The dark look left his eyes. The man, with his fierce nature and strong passions, was no match for the woman's subtlety.

"I will, but you must come to your senses," he answered, gruffly. Then, without even a look, he passed her and went on his way.

Hortense looked after him with half-closed lids.

"How credulous thou art, my Pedro," she murmured, mockingly. "And how little thou dost know me."

She turned and went back to her room.

There she paced up and down with the slow, lithe, but restless movements of the tigress, while in her green eyes was the pale, treacherous gleam of the tigress' eyes when she creeps stealthily upon her unconscious victim.

The next morning Pedro early sought the presence of Helene.

"Andre has been here, mademoiselle," he said, "with news from the Chateau de Kerval. On the night of the day you left the house in the Champs Elysees, Armande de Kercheval returned to the chateau and found the presence of his father as a result of the interview the Count de Kercheval was stricken with paralysis. He has now no power to make the slightest movement, I—I speak."

Helene sat for some moments, silent and with a face pale and cold as snow.

"At last," she murmured, at length, "my vengeance is indeed complete."

A week later.

It was night, a beautiful moonlit night. The handsome rooms of the villa were all lighted, Hortense was also there, her eyes flashing upon Pedro, who moved restlessly about the hall, moodily refusing all invitations to drink or take a hand at cards.

Helene came out of her room with a light silken wrap about her head and shoulders. She moved down the hall, opened the great doors and passed out.

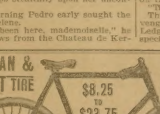
Hortense still watched Pedro.

Five, ten minutes passed, and then Pedro walked to the doors and followed Helene out into the beautiful silvered night.

Hortense writhed her slender form from out of the couch and arose and moved.

"The time has come," she murmured. "The unparalleled story of a woman's vengeance will be concluded in next week's Ledger. Our readers are referred to our special subscription offer on page thirteen.

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRE



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Some dealers charge $45.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires and lamp. Some dealers charge $50.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp and bell. Some dealers charge $60.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell and cyclometer. Some dealers charge $75.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer and mandolin attachment. Some dealers charge $100.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment and Vanderbilt tube. Some dealers charge $125.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube and G. & J. tires. Some dealers charge $150.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires and Morgan & Wright tires. Some dealers charge $175.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires and Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals. Some dealers charge $200.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals and Persons Special Ball Bearings. Some dealers charge $225.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings and Diamond Special Crank Hanger. Some dealers charge $250.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger and Arch Rim. Some dealers charge $275.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim and Diamond Special Hubs. Some dealers charge $300.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs and Diamond Special Frame. Some dealers charge $325.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame and Diamond Special Fork. Some dealers charge $350.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork and Diamond Special Handle Bar. Some dealers charge $375.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar and Diamond Special Stem. Some dealers charge $400.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem and Diamond Special Wheels. Some dealers charge $425.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels and Diamond Special Saddle. Some dealers charge $450.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle and Diamond Special Chain. Some dealers charge $475.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain and Diamond Special Pedals. Some dealers charge $500.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals and Diamond Special Tool Bag. Some dealers charge $525.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag and Diamond Special Tool. Some dealers charge $550.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $575.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $600.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $625.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $650.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $675.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $700.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $725.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $750.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $775.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $800.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $825.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $850.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $875.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $900.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $925.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $950.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $975.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp. Some dealers charge $1000.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle, Diamond Special Chain, Diamond Special Pedals, Diamond Special Tool Bag, Diamond Special Tool and Diamond Special Lamp.

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Some dealers charge $45.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires and lamp. Some dealers charge $50.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp and bell. Some dealers charge $60.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell and cyclometer. Some dealers charge $75.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer and mandolin attachment. Some dealers charge $100.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment and Vanderbilt tube. Some dealers charge $125.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube and G. & J. tires. Some dealers charge $150.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires and Morgan & Wright tires. Some dealers charge $175.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires and Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals. Some dealers charge $200.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals and Persons Special Ball Bearings. Some dealers charge $225.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings and Diamond Special Crank Hanger. Some dealers charge $250.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger and Arch Rim. Some dealers charge $275.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim and Diamond Special Hubs. Some dealers charge $300.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs and Diamond Special Frame. Some dealers charge $325.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame and Diamond Special Fork. Some dealers charge $350.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork and Diamond Special Handle Bar. Some dealers charge $375.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar and Diamond Special Stem. Some dealers charge $400.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem and Diamond Special Wheels. Some dealers charge $425.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels and Diamond Special Saddle. Some dealers charge $450.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson & Goodnow sprocket and pedals, Persons Special Ball Bearings, Diamond Special Crank Hanger, Arch Rim, Diamond Special Hubs, Diamond Special Frame, Diamond Special Fork, Diamond Special Handle Bar, Diamond Special Stem, Diamond Special Wheels, Diamond Special Saddle and Diamond Special Chain. Some dealers charge $475.00 for same grade wheel with coaster brake, fancy handle bars, sundries, guaranteed tires, lamp, bell, cyclometer, mandolin attachment, Vanderbilt tube, G. & J. tires, Morgan & Wright tires, Lamson

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Count Michael Von Karnice Karnicki, the czar's chamberlain, has invented and perfected an exceedingly clever apparatus for the prevention of that bugbear of the nervous—a living burial. The apparatus was offered as a gift to the French government, which still has its acceptance under consideration.

A tube protrudes four feet to four and a half feet above the surface of the grave, and upon the top of it is fixed a small metal box with a spring lid.

To the lower end of the tube, which just enters the upper lid of the coffin, is fixed an India rubber ball, charged pretty fully with air, so that the slightest extra pressure upon it would cause a discharge of air upward through the tube, and thereby release the lid of the box, which springs open upon the slightest pressure.

The opening of the lid automatically raises a small flag, and sets an electric bell in motion, which rings immediately over the grave and in the sexton's house, where it also releases a flag which indicates the grave over which the box has opened.

As will be seen the slightest sign of breathing on the part of the buried person, or the slightest motion of the heart, will suffice to open the box and sound the alarm, and the open box, by a clever and intricate little mechanism, pumps a sufficient quantity of air down into the tube to preserve the buried person from suffocation while assistance is arriving.

Count Karnicki, it may be added, is firmly convinced that thousands are buried alive every year in a state of lethargy.

Business Partnership of Matrimony.

The time to begin to learn from each other is when people are first married, when life is still a playground to them, and when romantic love condones what in later years might seem nagging or carping criticism. We are all conceited enough if we are used to the business partnership of matrimony to pour upon it honeyed sentiment, and not a hardship nor a disillusionment. If people would take time to understand each other, and to cultivate mutual confidence, how much easier married life would become—in fact, how much of the present heartbreak of unhappy marriages, while great numbers of people are plodding on together silently and happily. But there is enough friction in married life this kind of consideration, because even those who are to all appearances contented might make more or life if they looked upon marriage as an equal partnership.

The Election of Senators.

The revival of the movement for a change in the manner of election for United States senators comes at a time when there is no lack of object lessons showing the defects of the present method in a vivid and shocking light. It cannot be said that the movement is inspired by the unseemly spectacles presented in a number of state capitals today in various parts of the country; for the election of United States senators by popular vote has long held a place among the reforms advocated by the democracy, and in this state it has recently been proclaimed in the platform of that party. The emphasis given the demand for this reform by the exhibitions of corruption and bossism now in progress is, however, unmistakable. It is no longer necessary to defend the proposed reform, for the supporters of the present method are placed directly upon the defensive.

Good for Bald Heads.

A celebrated Chinese doctor comes forward with his discovery that the eating of rats is a sure preventative of baldheadedness. He claims that as the eating of eggs and carrots by the horse increases a glossy coat, so the munching by man of the odoriferous rat will produce a handsome head of hair. For some of us this discovery comes rather late, but it gives us a feeling of unfeigned content to know our posterity need not suffer as we have.

A MEAN LOT.

"Dese undertakers are a mean lot."
"How's dat?"
"Always tryin' ter screw people down."

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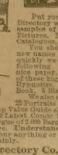

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